Saturday Review

APRIL 25, 1959 / 25¢

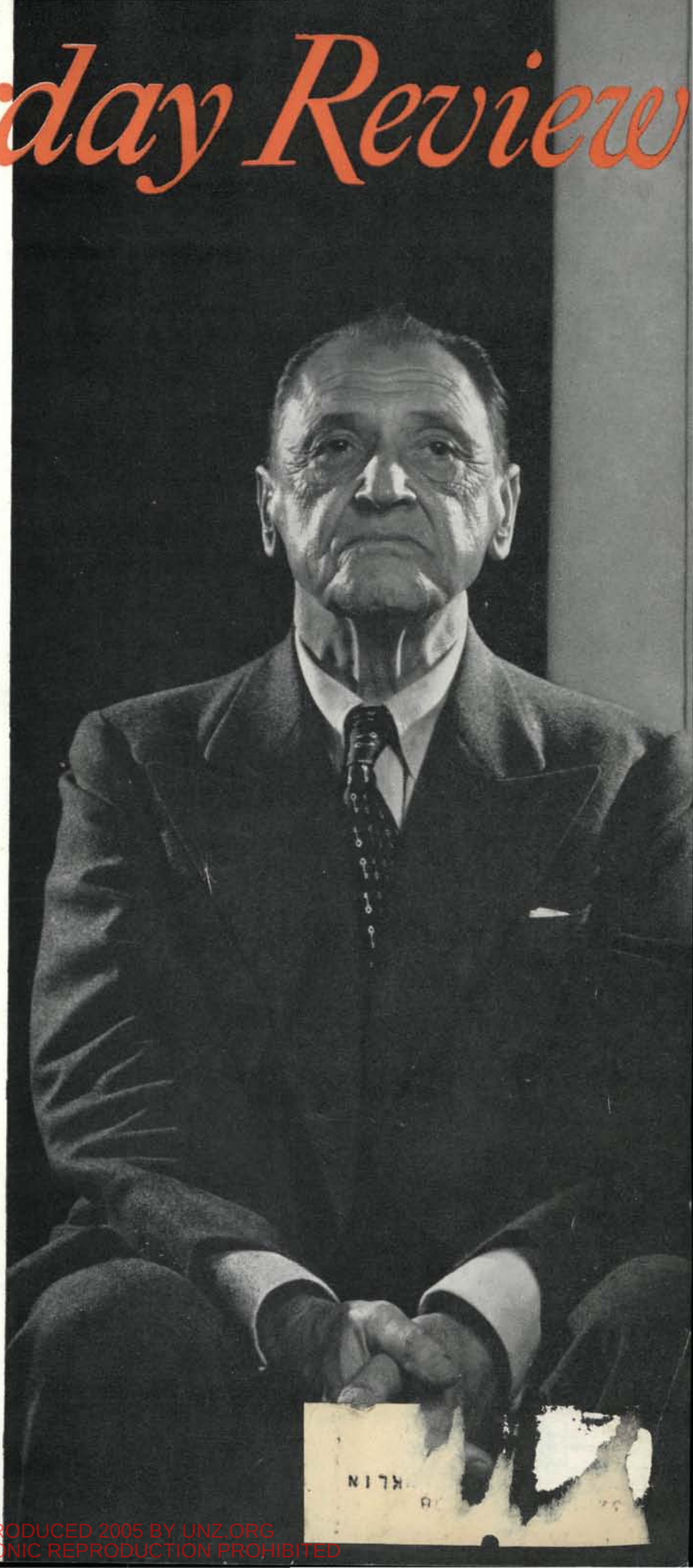
RECORDINGS

ZERO HOUR FOR LINCOLN CENTER

By Irving Kolodin

IS THE PRESS WRITING ITS OBITUARY?

By Herbert Brucker



W. Somerset Maugham, the author of "Points of View." ► *(SEE BOOKS)*

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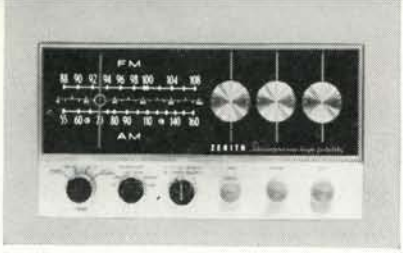

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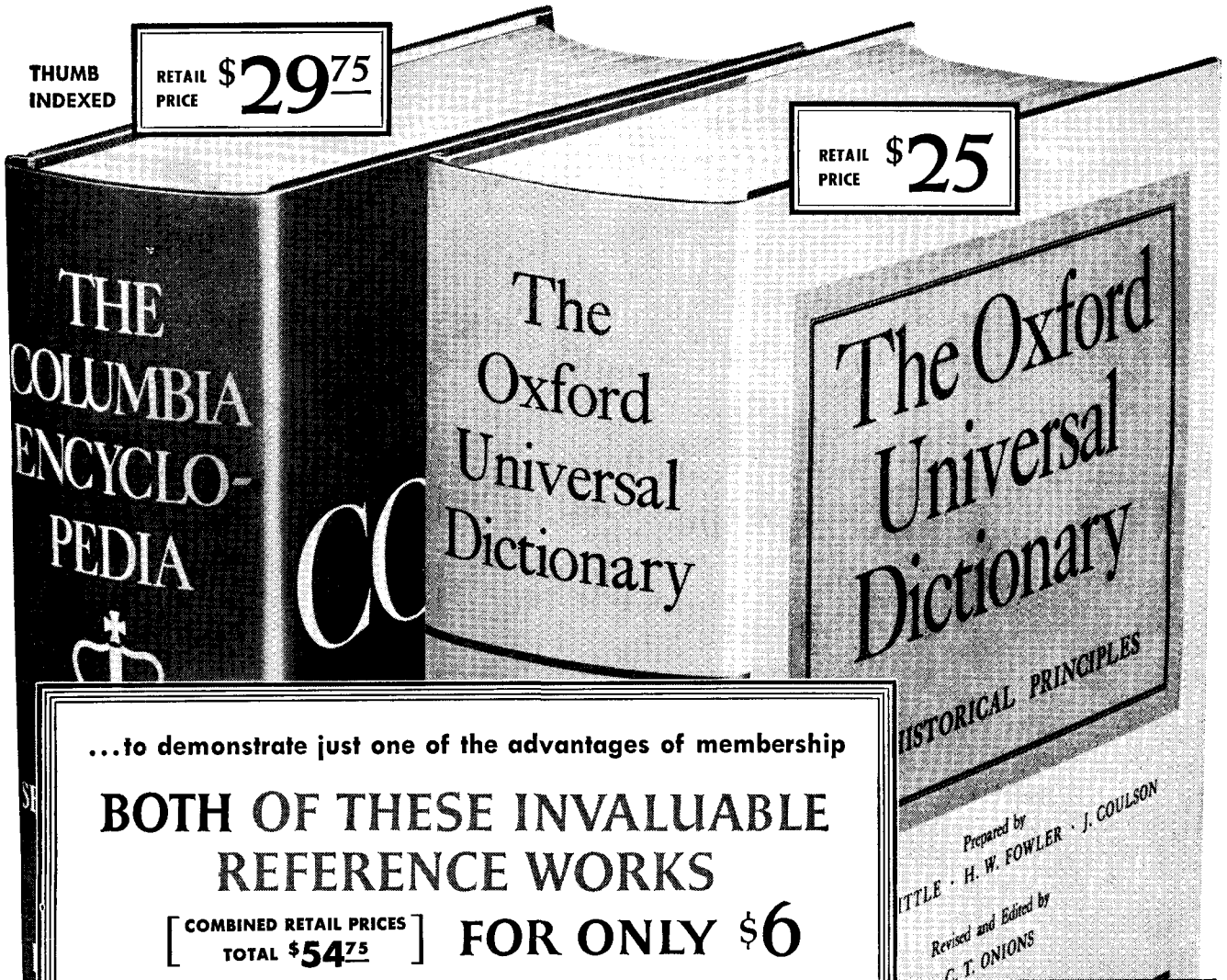

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher. Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation, Vol. XLII, No. 17, April 25, 1959. Second class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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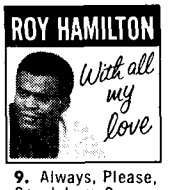

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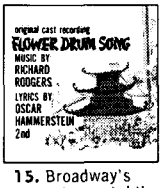

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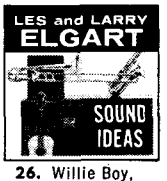
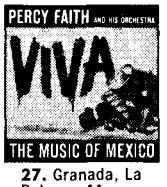


26. Willie Boy, Twinkle, 10 more



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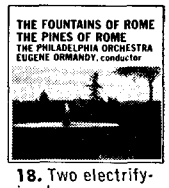

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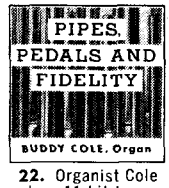

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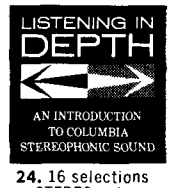

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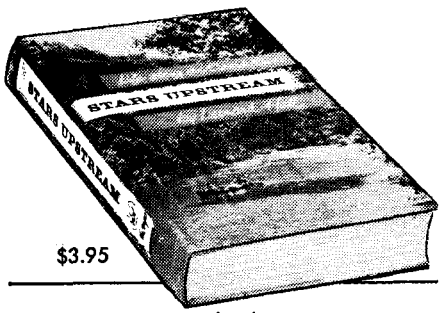

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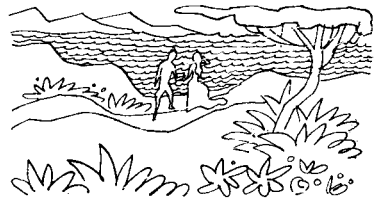
TRADE Winds

THE FIRST AUTHOR to visit Bermuda, where so many literary celebrities have gone for work or pleasure, was Tom Moore, the Irish poet. He spent four months there in 1804, mostly in the company of a seventeen-year-old girl named Hester Louisa. He



turned out a considerable amount of verse, most of it in the form of love poems for Nea, who was actually Hester Louisa. They took many walks along the beaches and through other remote parts of the island. The big hitch was that Hester Louisa was already married to a fellow named William Tucker. To this day people read between the lines of all those Nea poems to try to determine just what went on between Tom Moore and Mrs. William Tucker.

PROBABLY THE AUTHOR who did the most work in Bermuda was Hervey Allen. He wrote "Anthony Adverse" there, in a lovely old home called Felicity Hall, once owned by some ancestors of Carveth Wells. Allen lived there five years, and did his work at a table in the old slave quarters. Since the original holograph of the book was 1,698 manuscript pages weighing nineteen pounds, you can imagine how much time he spent there. Since then other authors, including Munro Leaf, Sinclair Lewis, and James Thurber, have worked at the same spot.

When Ronald John Williams, editor of *The Bermudian,* leased the home for a period some years ago, uninvited visitors were constantly peeking in the windows and wandering around the private grounds. One woman brought her children into the house to use the bathroom, handing the astonished Mrs. Williams a shilling tip on leaving. Williams tells me that thirty or forty Americans every day used to turn up to see the place where "Anthony Adverse" was written, especially after it was published somewhere, erroneously, that Felicity Hall was open to the public. One day Thurber, who was staying there as a guest of the Williamses, was relaxing on the front lawn when a voice behind him startled him. A man said,

"Do you mind if I take a picture of this house? But first, could you tell me what it is famous for?"

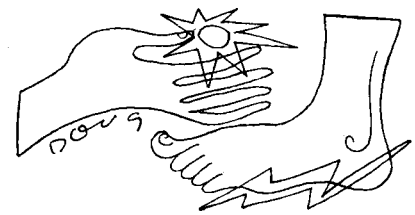
"This," said Thurber solemnly, "was the ancestral home of Carveth Wells."

The man stared blankly, lowered his camera and turned away, muttering, "Thanks."

THE THURBERS spent a lot of time in Bermuda, once staying with Ada Trimingham at Waterville, in Paget, where *New Yorker* editors and writers often visited, mainly because the food was so good. Helen Thurber found one of E. B. White's books in the shelves, which White had inscribed for his hostess, as follows:

To Waterville, in Paget East,
I send my love and greeting.
To Ada, mistress of the Feast
And pioneer of eating;
To all Bermuda, sprawled in sun,
Where I would gladly linger:
O! matchless soil, from coral won!
O! ring on England's finger!

Helen read this out loud to Thurber, who grunted, for it had been raining for three days steady. After some reflection, Thurber delivered the following spontaneous reply, which



Williams had the good sense to record:

I, too, like E. B. White,
Though I am not a singer,
Admire this island, slim and bright,
This ring on England's finger;
But memories of rain and blow,
And darker weather rankle,
O! aching corn on England's toe!
O! sore on England's ankle.

AT THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER commissary last month a studio publicist was lunching with a legman for a Hollywood columnist. The press agent was throwing out ideas, hoping one or more would hit, when he got into the realm of pure speculation, according to the story. Joe Pasternak, he told the legman, was planning to team up Cyd Charisse and Robert

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Taylor again, who played in "Party Girl."

Precisely at this point Pasternak himself stopped by the table on his way to lunch, as *Variety* tells it. The legman congratulated him on his decision and asked him what the title of the new Taylor-Charisse epic would be. Pasternak, who hadn't heard a thing about it until that moment, didn't bat an eye. He replied,

"That's the big question."

In the hubbub of the dining room the newspaperman didn't hear too well. He asked, "You're calling it 'The Big Question'?"

Pasternak, a man of instant decision, replied firmly, "That's right: 'The Big Question.'"

Now, if Pasternak produces a film of that name starring those two people, you can say that's show business.

A BOOK ENTITLED "The Modocs and Their War," written by Keith A. Murray, professor of history at Western Washington College of Education, was due to be published by the University of Oklahoma Press February 27. The publication of the book was called off, for a very good reason. On Friday, February 13, a truck containing every last copy of the new book was burned to a crisp in Kansas City, as it was preparing to deliver the shipment to the Press in Norman, Oklahoma.

If this sounds bad, it was worse when it came to notifying the author. He took it well, especially when it was discovered that all 4,000 copies hadn't been lost in the blaze. Two volumes had been sent to a reviewer in New York. These were returned to the Press and the second edition was printed. I don't know whether they put them all in one truck again, but I do know that they waited till after Friday, March 13, had passed before taking any chances.

HERE IS THE kind of marvelous advice a chap gets from the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. Leo A. Hoegh, director, in what was called an "exclusive interview" by the magazine *Today's Health*, was asked how should an individual protect himself in a thermonuclear attack. He revealed:

"First, if you have adequate time—and conditions permit—move from a target city. Get out of town. Get away from the blast and the thermal

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effects. Secondly, if time and conditions do not permit evacuation, then we say seek the best available shelter."

That's all very well and good on paper, but when my kids stars jumping up and down and yelling, "Daddy, let's go look at the bomb!" I wonder if Director Hoegh is going to be around to talk them out of it?

TOM BURNAM, WHO doesn't know any more about medicine than you or me, has sent me some excerpts from "Old Doc Burnam's New Medical Dictionary."

Angina Pectoris. Early doctor, female, b. 1507. Bologna; see St. Angina.

Diarrhea. A condition resulting from death.

Gingivitis. A disease of the gums, result of excessive drinking.

Lordosis. A nervous disorder, characterized by excessive and compulsive profanity.

Melancholia. An inflammation of the stomach resulting from the ingestion of too many cantaloupes, etc.

Myopia (psych.). Delusions of ownership.

Neurosis (psych.). Fear of novelty.

Psittacosis (psych.). Obsessive fear of chairs, benches, etc.

Psychosis (psych.). Nervous disorder characterized by constant, excessive and noisy exhalations of breath.

Yellow fever (psych.). Compulsive cowardice.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: For awhile there, producer Sam Spiegel ("The Bridge on the River Kwai") changed his monicker to S. P. Eagle, becoming famous by that name. Then a few years ago when he changed it back again, some wag remarked that the news left him S. P. Eechless.

► People who don't like the fellow's work always spell his name this way: E. E. CUMMINGS.

► Containers that have messages printed on them like "Twist to Open" or "Cut Along the Dotted Line" are the hardest to get anything out of.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1308)

KOUWENHOVEN:
WASTE NOT, HAVE NOT
(From *Harper's*, March 1959)

With his insistence upon the "infinitude of the private man," Emerson is not in high favor in these days of "togetherness" and "the organization man." Yet it might be good for us to look for a moment through his eyes at our abundant and wastefui civilization.

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Saturday Review
APRIL 25, 1959

IS THE PRESS WRITING ITS OBITUARY?

—Editor & Publisher.

The American press has traditionally been an institution that did not indulge in excessive self-criticism. Of late, however, more and more concerned members of the press have been objectively looking at their profession and finding serious deficiencies. Herbert Brucker, who appraises the press for SR, *has been the editor of the* Hartford Courant, *the nation's oldest newspaper, since 1947. He is the author of "The Changing American Newspaper" and "Freedom of Information;" and he is a director of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and also chairman of its committee on freedom of information.*

By HERBERT BRUCKER

THE printed newspaper is about 300 years old. You might think that so ancient an institution, antedating most of the other foundations on which twentieth-century civilization is built, would be durable enough to last forever. Yet already there are indications that the newspaper may have to go the way of the horse and buggy, the trolley car, and the American citizen who worked for himself instead of The Organization.

Of course journalism—the function rather than the particular means of its expression—will always be with us; it always has been. And just as the function of journalism was carried out by means other than printing long before Gutenberg, so it might be carried on by still newer means after the familiar hometown paper has disappeared. Whether electronic journalism is really strong enough by itself to kill the printed newspaper is questionable. This country's recent rash of newspaper strikes, notably the pre-Christmas blackout in New York, leaves little doubt that as yet nothing can take the place of the printed newspaper. But there is no question whatever that economic forces threaten to do to the newspaper what radio with its speed, and TV with its ability to show us the news as it happens, are not strong enough to do alone.

For years now newspaper publishers have bemoaned the squeeze between costs that rise and income that doesn't rise as fast. The working newspaperman, seeing the dividends and the Cadillacs continue to roll, has taken this in stride. Yet perhaps the publishers are right, and things are moving faster than we realize.

During the nineteenth century the newspapers were technological pioneers. They were quick to adapt steam and then electricity to their presses. They were early users of the telegraph, telephone, and typewriter. By the end of the nineteenth century they had achieved the half-tone process, which made it possible to reproduce in print photographs and drawings containing fine gradations from black to white. At the same time they perfected the typesetting machine, whose economy and speed made possible a fantastic growth of productivity.

What has happened since? For practical purposes, nothing. The newspaper business operates with a technology sixty years old in a world in which invention and automation have taken over everything else. It is the relative inefficiency of printing methods that threatens to leave the newspaper behind in the race for survival.

THIS is a complex subject. But one can grasp it in microcosm. Consider that in 1921 a newspaper Linotype operator in Madison, Wisconsin, earned $37 for a forty-eight-hour week. Today he is paid $133 for a thirty-seven-and-one-half-hour week. In round numbers, then, he is paid

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• *"It is no longer enough to be a good newspaper or a good magazine of high standards, of dedication to high ideals. The life or death sentence will come from the mechanics of operation. This is one of the prices we have paid for our inflationary spiral, for apprentice limitation by labor unions, not in keeping with our economic growth, and for the resultant vast capital for investment now necessary for any publishing enterprise. So mechanics are calling the tune for survival, and it is inevitable that people concentrate most on what permits them to survive.*

The need, as I see it, is to balance the struggle for economic survival with a bigger job on the editorial side. There are vast untapped and challenging areas for all publications to explore in a drastic revision of their editorial policies and objectives. More attention to what really troubles the reader and less concern for what will please the advertiser would raise immeasurably all our publishing standards. One need only to remember that once any publication wins the respect and confidence of an important audience of readers, advertisers will be delighted to use it as a valuable channel of business communication."

—From an address, "The Paradoxes Men Live By," by J. R. Cominsky, publisher of the *Saturday Review*, before the Rochester Junior League at the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, November 13, 1958.

three-and-one-half times as much for working three-quarters as long. Not only that, but today's printer is not expected to produce as much corrected type per hour as his father did in 1921. So he delivers still less for his tripled pay.

To be sure some of the money difference is accounted for by shrinkage of the dollar. But the fact remains that, even in terms of a constant dollar, the publisher today pays a lot more to get less done than he did a generation ago. And what is true in the composing room is true throughout the entire multistep, 1890-model mechanics of printing a newspaper. That is why there is just no arguing the fact that newspaper production per man goes down, while costs keep on going up and up.

No wonder publishers wonder how long the printed newspaper can survive! For the newspapers have started around essentially the same higher-fare-fewer-customers spiral as our bus companies and subway systems. Many still sell for a nickel, some for even less. But most have already gone to seven cents and some, notably on the West Coast, to ten cents. But as the New York evening papers found out when they went to ten cents, the results are discouraging. It looks, indeed, as though on the basis of our present dollar ten cents was the end of the line.

As though this were not enough, there is evidence that the newspaper has begun to lose the life blood of advertising that has nourished it ever since its birth, and that now furnishes about three-quarters of its sustenance. It is true that in 1957, the last year for which figures are available, newspapers still took in about one-third of the $10,000,000,000 spent on all advertising. But the fact remains that in relative terms the newspapers are losing ground, mostly to TV. Between the cost squeeze and a shrinking share in the advertising dollar something has to give. And what gives is the individual newspaper. No wonder that in 1910, when our population was 92,000,000, we had about 2,600 dailies; while in 1958, with a population almost doubled to 175,000,000, we had only 1,751 dailies.

It is then the economic squeeze, not the rapaciousness of newspaper owners, which explains the trend toward monopoly. Though the trend has shocked observers for decades, it continues. This is why Tampa, Cincinnati, and New Orleans last year joined the ranks of the monopoly cities. This is why Chicago, which a generation ago had eight separate dailies, was in January finally reduced to but two morning-and-evening combinations, the *Tribune* and *American*, and the *Sun-Times* and *Daily News*. And just last month Grand Rapids bowed to the trend by shrinking from two papers to one—leaving all Michigan with just one morning paper. You can be sure that before long American journalism will be 99.44 per cent sure monopoly.

The question is, will the cost squeeze continue its ravages until even those newspapers that enjoy a monopoly can no longer survive? We have not yet come to that point. The surviving monopoly paper dies hard. But the relentless pressure continues. Who knows where it will stop?

Where, then, can the newspaper turn for help? To the reader himself? Here the statistics are hardly encouraging. They indicate that as the American people gain leisure, mobility, and ever more things among which to scatter their attention, they go more and more for entertainment, less and less for information.

Consider what people do actually read in newspapers as published. The Advertising Research Foundation's Continuing study of Newspaper Reading is a summary of what the subscribers of 138 different dailies of varied sizes did actually read in specific issues of those papers, as recorded in door-to-door studies made between 1939 and 1950. The summary was designed to convince advertisers that it pays to advertise in newspapers. To some extent it did. But there was much that was gloomy as far as printed news is concerned. For example, in all 138 papers highest attention went to picture pages and outstanding news photos—from 85 to 91 per cent of the readers, both men and women, went for them. Comics attracted 81 per cent of the men, 78 per cent of the women. Again, women went for society news and pictures to the tune of 83 per cent, men for sports by 76 per cent. By contrast men read only 14 per cent, and women 11 per cent, of nearly 18,000 general news stories published in the 138 newspapers studied.

There is only one explanation: People don't seem particularly interested in news, at least in the form in which newspapers give it.

ALL the signs point to the decline and fall of the newspaper. Yet the fault does not seem to lie with the newspaper per se, which should be just as useful in the electronic age as at any time in the last 300 years. One concludes the printed newspaper just isn't cashing in on its opportunity. Obviously, if there were some way of breaking through the barrier of costs, by the invention of some cheap new kind of newsprint, or some automated process of printing, it should be easy. The vast savings in production costs would free revenue for expansion and improvement in editorial method and coverage. But despite valiant efforts, despite modest or tentative improvements like the teletypesetter, cold-type methods of printing, rapid etching of illustrations, and experiments with electronics, nothing practical is yet in sight. One reason may be that while Amer-

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ican industry as a whole spends about 2 per cent of its revenue for research, the publishing industry as a whole spends only about two one-hundredths of 1 per cent on research.

I submit that there are at least three things the newspaper must do:

1. Rethink its mission in today's world.

2. Modernize its editorial methods to match.

3. Revive the underlying moral purpose of journalism.

What the newspapers need first of all is a definition of news that fits their new mission. In today's world there are really two kinds of news. One is the familiar spot news, the first telling of an event. Newspapers can never get along without a hard core of this kind of fresh fact, because it is their task to assemble for the reader's convenience all the important or interesting things that have happened in the last twenty-four hours. And in reporting the tumbling rush of events, especially local events and developments, the newspapers have the space to out-report radio and TV every time. But this kind of surface news, to which the papers still devote most of their space and energy, is now secondary to the newer kind of news that reports today's complex world in depth and perspective.

For example, last year when Ed Stone of *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* traveled abroad he found the people there, and what was happening to them, far more absorbing than who had replaced whom in Franco's cabinet, and the other standard items the foreign correspondents cable home every day in obedience to the orthodox concept of news. But when Mr. Stone urged upon one foreign correspondent the idea that color and graphic detail about what was happening to the people in foreign lands might make fascinating reading at home, the professional dismissed it as soft news, ipso facto not in the same league with the hard news being called home every day. Said Mr. Stone later to his colleagues at a meeting of the Associated Press Managing Editors:

"What the hell did he mean by hard news? If you ask me most of it is news that is hard to digest, hard to understand, and hard to get anyone interested in."

Dr. George H. Gallup, who made a study of the American newspaper in 1957, turned up some interesting examples of the kind of thing the public would like to get from its newspapers but usually doesn't. First in interest to the citizen is his own health, and related matters of medical science and practice.

Now, the newspapers cover medicine today, that is, if a doctor performs some miracle of surgery, is sued for malpractice, or gets into a row with his peers. Dr. Gallup points out that there is more to medicine than this. What's the story about an ordinary operation in the local hospital, from the first suspicion of trouble to the recovery? What is there new that's hopeful, or the opposite, for those who have had heart attacks, cancer, or a stroke?

NEXT in appeal, Dr. Gallup found, are the following: education, religion, financial problems of the people, what people think, and people in the news. Again, we cover each of these today. But we do it in a rut worn by newspapers when they first came this way fifty or 100 years ago. We have church news, for example, and the bigger papers even report sermons. But as a clergyman told me long ago, while the standard what-where-when-why formula may do for covering the city hall or speeches or airplane crashes, it does not lend itself to reporting dissertations on ethics or interpretations of theology. Yet these deeper things of life fascinate people.

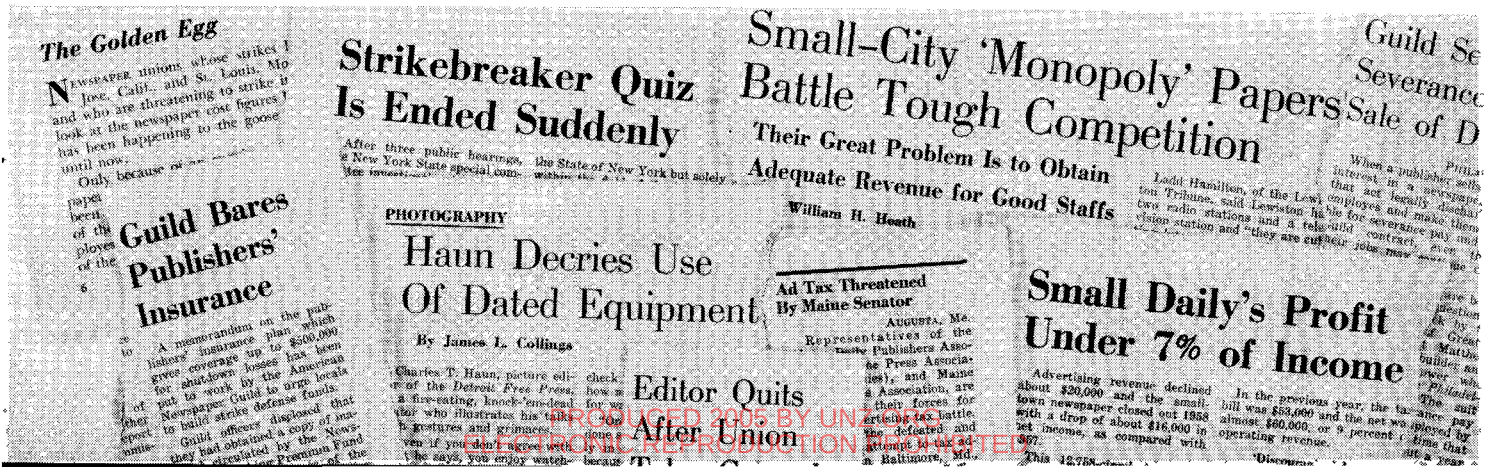
In the second half of the twentieth century, then, the newspaper's mission is no longer merely to tell the news as skimmed off the surface of life, in column after column of unrelated fact. It is to search, to pry, to dig for the deeper meanings behind all the brightly colored and fascinating events that crowd an ever more wondrous world. The newspaper must recognize that its customers are likely, at least as far as the main events are concerned, to know *what* has happened from radio and TV. But they are hungry to know *why* and *how* it happened, and what it means to them.

It is because of this new mission that the newspaper must modernize its editorial methods. For the mechanics of newspaper production is not the only anachronism in journalism. So are the technics of reporting. There have been minor changes, of course. News is presented in more legible type, in briefer space, than a generation ago. But what is taught to beginning reporters and copy editors today, whether in journalism school or on the job, is essentially what was taught when Woodrow Wilson was President, when no one had yet heard of Adolf Hitler or Joseph Stalin, let alone their successors, and when radio, TV, jet planes, H-bombs, and ICBMs did not exist. The newspapers are trying to do a 1959 job with 1919 methods. You can't say that of much else.

In the field of news writing, which is almost as antique as the mechanical process, there has been a change, even in the seemingly unchanging *New York Times*. For decades the *Times* has gradually been giving its national and foreign correspondents and other specialists more and more leeway to stray from strictly objective facts into interpretation. Of late some of these accounts have been marked off with a little typographical device reading News Analysis, as though to warn the reader that he was risking contamination with opinion in the good gray acres of fact for which the *Times* is noted. Adolph Ochs made the *Times* what it is

(*Continued on page* 37)

Some of the problems and tensions of the newspaper world are reflected on the pages of *Editor & Publisher*, the industry's spokesman.


The Golden Egg

Strikebreaker Quiz Is Ended Suddenly

Small-City 'Monopoly' Papers Battle Tough Competition

Their Great Problem Is to Obtain Adequate Revenue for Good Staffs

William H. Heath

Guild Bares Publishers' Insurance

PHOTOGRAPHY

Haun Decries Use Of Dated Equipment

By James L. Collings

Ad Tax Threatened By Maine Senator

Editor Quits After Union

Small Daily's Profit Under 7% of Income

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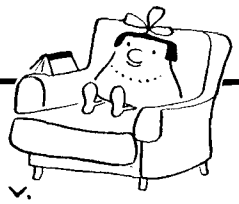

LITERARY HORIZONS

Report on Herbert Gold

By Granville Hicks

THERE are no writers under forty—and there are few of any age—for whom I have more admiration than I have for Herbert Gold. His first novel, "Birth of a Hero," published while he was still in his twenties, was an extraordinarily perceptive study of love in middle age. He followed it with a dramatic and vivid novel of city life and race conflict, "The Prospect Before Us," and then came his tale of carnival ways, the drug habit, and young love, rich in carnie talk, "The Man Who Was Not With It." He has also written several first-rate short stories and some vigorous criticism. In less than ten years he has produced a body of work that establishes him as a central figure in today's literature.

All this being true, I find it unpleasant to have to say that I am puzzled and a little disappointed by Gold's new novel, **"The Optimist"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50). In view of the author's unmistakable talent, there are only two possible explanations for my dissatisfaction: either I have missed something or Gold's achievement has fallen short of his intention—which can happen even with the very good writers. While recognizing that the first hypothesis may be the correct one, I have to set down my findings, which naturally support the second.

Although it is not in any literal sense autobiographical, "The Optimist" is the story of a young man who is Gold's exact contemporary and who has been shaped by some of the same forces. We meet Burr Fuller on his seventeenth birthday, when he is drawing up a list of resolutions, a list that reminds us of the one Jay Gatsby drew up back in the days when he was James Gatz. "Burr Fuller, like others," Gold tells us, "dreamed of nothing less than perfection. . . . He saw no reason why he shouldn't get everything he wanted." And again: "He believed in failure as much as he believed in the inevitability of old age. Not at all. Never. Not for him."

After this brief introduction, we see Burr as a sophomore at the University of Michigan, where he is involved with two girls, one permissive, as the current jargon phrases it, the other not. The next section, told in the first person, sets forth a series of wartime incidents, only one of them of a military nature, that leave their mark on Burr. We then leap ahead to 1956, to find that Burr is married to Laura, the girl who was not permissive, and that they have two sons. He is a lawyer in Detroit, and is just entering politics as the Democratic candidate for Congress in a strongly Republican district.

From this point on we are concerned with politics and marriage, but more with the latter than with the former. Of the campaign we are told enough to see that Burr has a considerable aptitude for the game he has chosen to play. His aptitude, indeed, distresses his old college friend Mike Murray, who believes that Burr should stand for something. Burr, however, wants to be elected now; programs can come later.

Meanwhile, Burr's marriage is falling apart. The campaign accelerates the process, for Laura resents Burr's frequent absences, but disintegration had begun much earlier. She and Burr try now and then to shore up the ruins, but their efforts are unsuccessful. At last he turns to another woman, one of the workers in his campaign, and Laura eventually takes up with the old bachelor friend of the family, Mike, who feels sorry for her. Burr's soul-searching after he has learned of Laura's infidelity provides the climax of the novel.

This is Burr Fuller's book, and everything hinges on whether or not the reader can really lay hold of this character. I find Burr elusive, and

that is the basis of my dissatisfaction. In scene after scene he is perfectly real, but then he slips away from me, and, in the end, I cannot put my hands on him. In a way, I can see, this is all to Gold's credit, for he has refused to content himself and gratify us with a superficial view of Burr's character. Burr is no more elusive than I am to you or you are to me. We never really know anyone, either in life or in fiction. But in a successful novel one feels, not that the mystery of personality has been solved once and for all but that a precious secret has been revealed. For me the moment of revelation never comes in "The Optimist."

I have another ground for complaint. In its latter half this is the story of the disintegration of a marriage, and a powerful account it is that Gold gives. But the failure of the marriage tells us little about Burr. I think it was Gold's intention to show that Burr and Laura are both responsible for the collapse of the marriage and that behind their shortcomings lie faults of the society in which they have grown up. What the reader is made to feel, however, is that, Laura being what she is, the marriage could not possibly have succeeded. When we first meet her in 1956, she is admitting to herself that "her life was poisoned by a sense of changeless, senseless discontent," and "poisoned" is exactly the right word. She is headed—why we do not know—for self-destruction, and nothing can save her. As a consequence we come to feel sorry for Burr, but we see him as a victim, as one who is acted upon instead of acting.

After Laura has told him about Mike, Burr wanders about Greektown, contemplating but quickly rejecting the idea of suicide, trying to come to terms with himself. He tries to identify the flaws in his nature that have led to failure in marriage and failure in politics, and he makes some practical decisions; but he is still the optimist, still the seeker after perfection, and the last words of the novel are, "More. More. More! More! More!" Gold is saying, I gather, that Burr's affirmativeness is in itself good, that the problem is one of direction, but I am not sure of this. Here in this last section, where the revelation should be perfected, I am as puzzled as ever. There is something Gold has seen and is trying to make me see, and I just don't get it.

After these negative remarks, it seems almost offensive to mention again the many fine scenes or to point out that Gold's mastery of the vernacular is now complete, but something must be said to make it clear that Gold is just as much as ever a first-rate novelist. If this novel is in some sense a failure, it is the kind of failure only a first-rate man could produce. In the essay he wrote for "The Living Novel" Gold said: "The mystery of personality can be defined again and again, and then redefined; that's what mysteries are for." What no one can miss in "The Optimist" is the reverence, the consecration, with which he has approached that mystery. As no one knows better than he, the serious novelist must always run the risk of failure.

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MEN OF LETTERS

In Human Bondage to Books

"Points of View," by W. Somerset Maugham *(Doubleday. 284 pp. $4.50), is a collection of essays, mostly about writers and writing, which give insight into the author's own personal and considered literary tastes. It is purported to be the last book by the distinguished English novelist, who began his writing career some sixty years ago. Joseph Wood Krutch is a well-known critic and essayist.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

IT IS commonly (and no doubt correctly) said that Somerset Maugham is not an "important" writer. Nevertheless he has two at least amiable characteristics: as storyteller he is interesting; as reader and critic he is interested. Nor is the second of these characteristics quite so usual as one might at first assume. Unlike many other novelists, he enjoys reading other people's books and, unlike some "serious" critics, he writes about them for that reason rather than because they provide him with something impressive to say.

One result of all this is that the reader shares his pleasure and is far more likely than when reading some more "serious" critics to feel that he wants to read the book under discussion. In "Points of View," for instance, the account of Goethe's novels may not be especially new, or searching, or profound. When, moreover, Mr. Maugham remarks on the very first page that he reads them "with the same rapture I did more than half a century ago" because "I read them not only with my eyes, but with the recollections of my youth, Heidelberg with its old streets, the ancient castle," etc., etc., the "serious" critics will protest that Maugham is disqualifying himself by confessing that he is not "objective" and that he cannot keep his eye fiercely fixed on the work itself. The fact remains nevertheless that his interest is contagious and that Maugham's reader feels like having another go at Goethe's fiction.

All too often, on the other hand, a quarterly's article on "Myth and Form in the Novels of William Faulkner" merely impresses the reader with the acuteness and dedication of the critic. He is, indeed, not unlikely to wonder if this critic isn't more profound than his subject and also whether or not the quarterly in question could be persuaded to accept the still more profound analysis he is beginning to believe himself capable of.

The four essays in the present volume concern the technique of the short story, the prose style of the seventeenth-century Anglican bishop Dr. Tillotson, the Goncourts, and two minor French writers of journals, and a certain Swami by whom Maugham was impressed in India. They have nothing in common except method, style, and the temperament of the author but that is enough to make them clearly of a piece, and a reader who had never before heard of their author could get from them a pretty just notion of his convictions, attitudes, tastes, and preferences. Would not, in fact, a longer selection of such widely scattered remarks as the following compose into something like a portrait of the total personality?

> The proper aim of the writer of fiction is not to instruct but to please. . . . [The novelist] can make do with no more intelligence than is needed for a man to be a good lawyer or a good doctor. He need not love his fellow-creatures (that would be asking too much) but he must be profoundly interested in them. . . . The writer has in him the urge to create, but he has, besides, the desire to place before the reader the results of his labor and the desire (a harmless one with which the reader is not concerned) to earn his bread and butter. . . . I am not sure that there is such a thing as [the Art of Life]. In other arts proficiency can be obtained, but in life little more can be done than to make the best of a bad job. . . . Common sense often has an air of cynicism. . . . What makes old age hard to bear is not a failing of one's faculties, mental and physical, but the burden of one's memories.

In Chekhov's "The Sea Gull" a writer sums up his fate by adding at the end of a tirade, "And on my tombstone will be written: 'Here lies Trigorin. He was a good writer—but not as good as Turgenev.'" Mr. Maugham has said that this will be his last volume; it is quite possible that he may well imagine his own fate as not unlike that of Trigorin. But if so, then he is not, I suspect, especially bitter about it.

—*Editta Sherman.*

W. Somerset Maugham: "The proper aim of the [novelist] is . . . to please"

• Only the very ingenuous can suppose that a work of fiction can give us reliable information on the topics which it is important to us for the conduct of our lives to be apprised of. By the nature of his creative gifts the novelist is incompetent to deal with such matters; his not to reason why, but to feel, to imagine, and to invent. He is biased. The subjects the writer chooses, the characters he creates, and his attitude towards them are conditioned by his bias. What he writes is the expression of his personality and the manifestation of his instincts, his emotions, his intuitions, and his experience. He loads his dice, sometimes not knowing what he is up to, but sometimes knowing very well; and then he uses such skill as he has to prevent the reader from finding him out. Henry James insisted that the writer of fiction should dramatize. That is a telling, though perhaps not very lucid, way of saying that he must so arrange his facts as to capture and hold his reader's attention. This, as everyone knows, is what Henry James consistently did, but, of course, it is not the way a work of scientific or informative value is written. If readers are concerned with the pressing problems of the day, they will do well to read, as Chekhov advised them to do, not novels or short stories, but the works that specifically deal with them.

—From "Points of View," by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday).

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The Eyes of Europe Were Upon Us

"Prince Napoleon in America, 1861: Letters from his Aide-de-Camp Lieutenant-Colonel Camille Ferri Pisani," translated by Georges Joyaux *(Indiana University Press. 317 pp. $6.75), and* ***"Portrait of America: Letters of Henry Sienkiewicz," edited and translated by Charles Morley*** *(Columbia University Press. 300 pp. $5), show how the United States looked nearly a hundred years ago to two distinguished tourists here—a fellow known as "Plon-Plon" and the author of "Quo Vadis?". SR's veteran critic Ben Ray Redman finds enjoyment in both.*

By Ben Ray Redman

IN 1861 Lieutenant-Colonel Pisani spent two months in the United States as aide-de-camp to His Imperial Highness, Prince Napoleon, familiarly known as "Plon-Plon," son of Jerome Bonaparte and cousin of Napoleon III. During that time the colonel wrote seven long letters to a superior officer, in which he described in detail the scenes, persons, and experiences encountered by the Prince's party on their American tour. In 1876 a young Polish journalist named Sienkiewicz arrived in the United States for a visit that lasted two years. During those years he wrote many letters for publication in a Warsaw newspaper, in which he voiced his opinions of American manners and morals, politics and women, education and culture, and described at length his journey across the United States and his adventures on the Pacific Coast. These two sets of letters, now available in English, are valuable additions to the long shelf of books in which we Americans may see ourselves as distinguished foreign visitors have seen us over a period of two centuries.

Colonel Pisani's book, indeed, is one of the most interesting that can be found on that shelf, for he came to this country at a time when the fate of the Union hung in the balance—when many of the wisest men in this country and Europe believed that the Union could not be preserved—and he came into contact with many of the men on whom the fate of the Union depended.

Dining at the White House, with Lincoln as an awkward host, he sat between General McClellan and the British ambassador, and heard the latter refer to the former as "the next President of the United States." With the Prince he inspected the Union troops that were defending Washington, subjected them to sharp professional scrutiny, and marveled at the absence of respect for rank, as he had marveled in New York at the Union method of recruitment by competing "military contractors" and self-appointed colonels and brigadiers.

Under a flag of truce he accompanied the Prince to the Confederate lines, passed through them, was entertained at the headquarters of Generals Beauregard and Johnston, and was then escorted by the two generals to the battlefield of Bull Run, where dead men and horses still littered the ground. Weeks later he and the Prince were to be received with pomp and ceremony by General Frémont in St. Louis, where that brilliant, ill-fated adventurer was briefly playing the proconsul as commander of the Department of the West, served by a staff of highly professional German officers.

It is natural that Colonel Pisani should have been keenly interested in the leaders of the Union and Confederate forces, and that he should have found West Pointers the Americans whom he could most readily admire.

But his interest was no less keen in every detail of his journey, and at every stage of it he was an alert observer who could record his impressions of men, scenes, and events with a skill that makes us certain he could have succeeded as brilliantly in letters as he did in arms. His description of the princely voyage to the iron and copper mines of Lake Superior is a minor classic of travel literature. And in his judgments of Americans and their way of life he was always his own man; he saw them through his own eyes, for the most part very favorably, not through those of earlier European visitors. The opportunities that he enjoyed on his tour were exceptional, but it was his intelligence, education, wide knowledge of the world, and natural talent that enabled him to make full use of them. "Prince Napoleon in America, 1861" will delight as many readers as discover it. Georges Joyaux's translation is admirable.

THE Sienkiewicz letters are valuable because they were written by a man who was to become the Nobel Prize-winning author of "Quo Vadis?"—whose collected works fill sixty volumes. And many pages of "Portrait of America" are interesting for their own sakes.

The description of Niagara Falls is a torrent of eloquence. The account of the author's transcontinental train trip is a lively piece of journalism in which bearded prospectors, Indians, skunks, and impassable snow drifts figure vividly. The months that Sienkiewicz spent in California mountains with a veteran squatter were the realization of a Warsaw youth's dream; he wrote of them at loving length, and, one suspects, with some fictional embroidery. After all, he was busy writing short stories at the same time.

"Portrait of America," smoothly translated and well edited, does not justify its title. The author's generalizations regarding American society were based on scant knowledge of it. He met no one of interest or importance. He retained preconceived ideas, and was too credulous a listener and reader. But, turning out his journalistic copy, he was a great writer in the making.

—From "Prince Napoleon in America, 1861."

President Lincoln greets Prince Napoleon at White House ". . . an awkward host."

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Two Months He Reigned in Spain

"Alexandre Dumas' Adventures in Spain," translated by Alma Elizabeth Murch *(Chilton. 321 pp. $3.50), is a rollicking report to a mysterious fair lady of what the French author experienced during two months in Iberia—a peninsula known inside out to Walter Starkie, who spent many years there teaching at the University of Madrid and hobnobbing with Gypsies.*

By Walter Starkie

THESE letters from Spain written in 1846 by Alexandre Dumas, novelist and dramatist, are racy, anecdotic, and brimful of the charm that we associate with the author of "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte Cristo." Dumas, who was in 1846 at the zenith of his fame, nevertheless found time in the midst of his top-speed writing of plays and novels in serial to accept an official invitation from the French government to visit Algeria, which had recently passed under French control. On his way there he visited Spain in October of that year to attend the marriage of his royal patron, the Duke of Montpensier, to the Spanish Infanta. After the court receptions, banquets, and pageants the novelist spent two months traveling through Spain jostled about in mule-driven coaches, bivouacking in *posadas* which had little changed since the far-off days of Cervantes, outwitting bandits, who still were a menace in the Sierra Morena, consorting with cave-dwelling Gypsies in Granada, and pitting his Gallic temperament against the vigilant Spanish *carabineros*. The result is a vivid hodgepodge of kaleidoscopic Spain in the characteristic Dumas vein.

The letters are addressed to a mysterious fair lady whom the author tantalizingly conceals from our prying gaze. In all likelihood she was as disembodied as Don Quixote's Dulcinea, but she enabled the author to adopt a more personal note and avoid the guidebook atmosphere. Dumas, unlike George Borrow or Richard Ford (whose "Gatherings from Spain" also saw the light in 1846), did not favor solitary travel:

> To travel alone, on foot, staff in hand, may suit a carefree student or a poet-dreamer, but I, alas, have passed the age at which university scholars tramp the high roads, and if I am a poet, I am first of all a man of action.

—*From the book.*

Granada ladies listening to itinerant dwarf musicians . . . "vivid hodgepodge of kaleidoscopic Spain."

The varied character of the eccentric companions whom Dumas invited to share his journey adds zest to the author's sparkling account: his only son, Alexandre, then just recovered from his passionate *affaire de coeur* in the previous year with Marie Duplessis (he was later to immortalize her in "La Dame aux Camelias"); Louis Boulanger, the painter; Auguste Maquet, his faithful collaborator; his devoted though erratic servant Paul, a black-skinned Abyssinian whom he nicknamed "Eau-de-Benjoin." To those we must add the two bohemian painters Giraud and Desbarolles: each in his own way acts as foil for the humorous author, who at times becomes a Gallic Dr. Johnson, laying down the law for all and sundry.

These letters undoubtedly prove that Alexandre Dumas was famed through his books in every class of Spanish society. His reputation enabled him to impersonate at will his D'Artagnan, Athos, or Porthos in every inn where the company halted for the night. Dumas as a child had learned to be a hunter and even at ten or twelve years of age had run away from home to live like a poacher in the woods. Hence the *brio* with which he describes for us the boar hunt and the meeting with brigands.

His knowledge of tough life, too, on one occasion enabled him to play the good Samaritan to an elderly marquise when her Pekinese was bitten by an iron-jawed bulldog in the fleshy part of its rear. The Pekinese howled, the bulldog held on grimly, the marquise wept, the servant swore, and, to their shame, the inhabitants of the rue Sainte-Anne stood laughing. Bowing courteously, Dumas said to the marquise: "Do you know, Madame, the only way to force a bulldog to release its hold? Nothing simpler! One must bite its tail." So saying this *"chevalier sans peur"* seized the cluster of dogs and wrapping his handkerchief carefully round the bulldog's tail gave it a hard bite. The Pekinese dropped like a ripe fruit and ran to his mistress.

The spirited English translation preserves the wit and humor of Dumas's prose, and the work of condensation and abbreviation of the four volumes of the original has been ingeniously devised.

To the Bird

By Paul Sanzenbach

STARTLED to life,
To the air,
By the Hunter,
The thrush leaps up,
From beneath our feet;
He picks his notes from the
Flowing light, leaning
Closer and closer to the flow:
He feels its danger,
But it has the pulse.
A song from a smoky cavern
Giving us forty-five seconds
Of order:
A new green leaf
Ripped off by the storm,
Skipping through the trees,
Then tangled in a bush;
A rock hopping across-across-
Across a pond—then sinking;
The thrush dodges and swerves
But the scattering shot crumples
A wing, the eyes become glass in
The morning sun, the notes burst
And echo . . . echo . . . echo . . .

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At the Mercy of a Merciless Sea

"Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage," by Alfred Lansing *(McGraw-Hill. 282 pp. $5), is a vigorous account of moral and muscular courage during an historic trans-antarctic expedition. Based in Palmerland, Carl R. Eklund made a 1,264-mile dog-sledging trip with Captain Finn Ronne on the opposite side of the peninsula along which Shackleton's party trekked. He was Wilkes Station Scientific Leader in Antarctica during the IGY in 1957-58, and now is with the Polar Division of the U. S. Army Office of Research and Development.*

By Carl R. Eklund

SEVERAL years before his death Sir Hubert Wilkins told me he regarded Shackleton as the greatest of all British polar explorers. Another pioneer explorer when asked whom he regarded as the greatest of polar explorers said, "For scientific leadership give me Scott; for swift and efficient travel, Amundsen; but when you are in a hopeless situation, when there seems no way out, get down on your knees and pray for Shackleton." Alfred Lansing's first book, "Endurance," will provide an insight into why these men said this.

Sir Ernest Shackleton first went to Antarctica in 1901 with the British National Antarctic Expedition, led by Captain Robert Scott. He accompanied Scott and Edward Wilson on the first attempt to reach the South Pole. Contracting scurvy, he had a physical breakdown on the trail. When the three men finally succeeded in getting back to their base Scott invalided him home on their resupply ship. This apparently caused a schism between the two men, and Shackleton resolved to prove to Scott and the world that he was in no way unfit for polar service.

Shackleton was an egocentric with a driving ambition to achieve fame and money by being the first man to reach the South Pole, and in 1907-1909 he led his own British Antarctic Expedition. On January 9, 1909, he and his party reached latitude 88° 25′ S., ninety-seven miles from the pole, before they were forced to turn back. This was the farthest southing ever reached up to that time. The effort spurred him on, and his attempt to make a transantarctic journey in 1914-1916 was his next venture. Lansing's "Endurance" tells about this expedition. I believe it is the most dramatic survival story in the history of Antarctic exploration.

The plan was to cross the continent via the pole from the Weddell Sea to McMurdo Sound, over 2,100 miles distant. This was not accomplished until more than forty years later when Sir Vivian Fuchs and his party traveled over essentially the same route as that proposed by Shackleton.

Shackleton's first objective was to sail through the pack ice of the Weddell Sea to the Filchner Shelf Ice. From here they hoped to start the transantarctic crossing. The *Endurance,* their 144-foot, auxiliary-powered, wooden barkentine sailing ship, similar to the sixty-six-year-old USS *Bear,* on which I sailed to this same sector of Antarctica in 1939, was beset in the pack on January 18, 1915. There it stayed locked in the ice for nine months until October 27, when it began to sink and the order was given to abandon ship.

Macklin, one of the two doctors aboard said, "I do not think I have ever had such a horrible sickening sensation of fear as I had whilst in the hold of that breaking ship." To describe the voyage that followed as incredible seems an understatement.

One of Shackleton's most difficult tasks was to prevent his twenty-seven men from becoming demoralized. He had gathered together a strange group from all walks of life and, with few exceptions, they got along amazingly well in spite of a completely miserable existence. I was impressed by their sense of humor, so important to any group under trying circumstances.

The author undertook exhaustive research of personal diaries and other records of the trip. The result is a factual, yet vivid account that gave me a feeling of the hardships these men must have gone through. None was lost, and the most serious casualty was to Blackboro, a stowaway aboard the ship from their last port in South America. He had five frozen, gangrenous toes amputated by the two surgeons, Macklin and McIlroy. Performed under an old wind-torn canvas to keep out some of the cold, and with instruments sterilized by heat from burning seal blubber, more primitive operating conditions would be hard to imagine.

The nearest outpost of humanity was 1,200 miles distant, and Palmerland, the closest land, was 210 miles away. It was decided to go over the sea ice to Paulet Island, 346 miles to the northwest. Aided by forty-nine sledge dogs, the men dragged three lifeboats and all the supplies they could salvage from the ship.

Travel was so difficult at the start that the forty-year-old leader decided to camp on the pack ice and depend on the drift to take them close to land. Here they remained almost two months. Again they resumed their travel but again conditions were so difficult they had to make camp. They stayed at Patience Camp for three and one-half months. Even though they had provisions from the ship, their primary sources of food were penguins and seals.

ON MARCH 23 the party first sighted land from their drifting camp —174 days after abandoning ship—and finally in mid-April they reached Elephant Island off the northern tip of Palmerland. From here a small rescue party had to sail for help.

Somewhere I once read, "The sea is open to all—merciful to none." This could hardly express what Shackleton, Worsley, McNeish, Crean, and McCarthy went through on their 870-mile trip in an open twenty-two-foot lifeboat, the *Caird.* Setting out from Elephant Island on April 24 to get help from a whaling station on South Georgia Island, they completed probably the most remarkable small-boat voyage in history. With winds of gale force and waves up to ninety feet, in the stormiest ocean in the world, they reached South Georgia after seventeen days. The superb navigation by Worsley in getting them there is almost unbelievable.

After landing on the opposite side of the island from the whaling station, Shackleton, Worsley, and Crean made a further remarkable trip over a 10,000-foot glaciated mountain never before crossed by anyone. They arrived at the South Georgia station on May 20, 1916, and the final rescue of their twenty-two-man party on Elephant Island was made by the steel-hulled Chilean ship, *Yelcho,* on August 30—four months and six days

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after the rescue party had left them. As a point of interest, Shackleton died aboard a ship at South Georgia in January 1922.

This book should hold the attention of anyone interested in adventure and survival. It is a fascinating account of courage and the will to live: Shackleton's family motto, "By endurance we conquer," could never have been exemplified more realistically.

After reviewing "The Crossing of Antarctica," by Fuchs and Hillary (*SR* Feb. 28) I said I would have given anything to have been with them. Shackleton's voyage was one I would pass up gladly.

Portrait of a Sensitive Plotter

"Nasser of Egypt: The Search for Dignity," by Wilton Wynn *(Arlington; distributed by Taplinger. 213 pp. $3.95), provides an objective evaluation of the Arab crusader—"the most sensible . . . yet available," in the judgment of Dana Adams Schmidt, erstwhile Middle East correspondent for* The New York Times.

By Dana Adams Schmidt

WILTON WYNN is probably not one of the great political analysts of our time. Nor is he a great writer. But he is a darned good reporter, specially equipped for his task in Egypt by six years as a teacher of journalism at the American University in Cairo before he became a correspondent of the Associated Press in 1951. The revolution led by Gamal Abdel Nasser that overthrew King Farouk and changed the course of history in the Middle East took place about a year later, on July 22, 1952.

Mr. Wynn has rendered American journalism a considerable service in producing the most complete and sensible portrait of Nasser and Nasserism yet available. It is a friendly, but not entirely uncritical picture. If it were to be improved it would, I think, have to be in the direction of more far-sighted analysis of the larger effect on the Middle East of Nasser's bold arms deal, which opened up the Middle East to Soviet penetration. Also, of the effect of pressures for Arab unity generated by Nasserism in the cases of countries like Lebanon, Jordan, and finally Iraq.

Writing in the late summer of 1958, Wynn asserted that "the most important victory of all was won July 14 in Baghdad, when elements friendly to Nasser overthrew his arch-enemy, Nuri Said. Had he known that a few months later the Iraqi revolution would turn into Nasser's greatest disappointment, with pro-Communists elbowing aside the Nasserite revolutionaries, he might not have written:

> There will be revolutions in Oman and Aden, riots in Kuwait and Bahrein, *coups d'etat* in Jordan and bombings in Lebanon whether Nasser lives or dies. Gamal Abdel Nasser today is the hero of the free Arab movement. But it is possible that in the end he will be supplanted by some other Arab leader who will achieve the final unification of these people.

Now that the Iraqi revolution has turned sour, the "final unification" seems remote. An entirely new political phase, which Mr. Wynn did not dream of, has opened. Gamal Abdel Nasser has shifted his tactics from an attempt to unify by appeal to the deep-seated anti-Western sentiments of the Arabs to an attempt to unify by appeal to the menace of Communism.

But Mr. Wynn's study remains invaluable. Here we have the whole evolution of the boy from Beni Mer, the son of a provincial postal clerk, who found himself despised by his social betters because he was solely Egyptian, because he spoke no French. For centuries it had been true of Egypt, as Amr Ibn Al Aas wrote in 640 A.D., that "its people are playthings, its soil is gold, and it belongs to those strong enough to take it." For centuries those strong enough had been Romans, Greeks, Turks, assorted Europeans, and finally the British. But now, with young Nasser, a new breed of Egyptians arose strong enough to take Egypt for themselves.

Nasser is a sensitive plotter, eschewing violence, preferring at first to work in the shadow of others. While lacking the "baby-kissing" type of popular appeal, he displays an uncanny sense of timing in both internal and international maneuver. He proved it in striking down King Farouk, and then getting rid of the figurehead of the revolution, General Naguib; in negotiating an arms-for-cotton deal with Russia that made him undisputed leader of the Arab world, and in emerging at last as the "victor of Suez" against the combined forces of Britain, France, and Israel. Clearly a man to be reckoned with.

He plays it by ear, without precise plan, but with an eye always on ultimate goals of Arab unity and Egyptian leadership (not necessarily hegemony) among Arabs and Moslems. The conflict with Israel is important to him but not dominant. He does not display hatred or vindictiveness. That would not be consonant with his sense of dignity.

Mr. Wynn does not mention it, but his book makes it clear that Nasser is not a "little Hitler."

THE LAND OF THE TUNDRA is the home of the Eskimo. Film producer Robert Flaherty, Edmund Carpenter, an anthropologist, and artist Robert Varley all visited this wind-swept region of the Canadian Arctic; their impressions are beautifully recorded, in words and pictures, in **"Eskimo"** (University of Toronto, $4.95), a study of primitive life and culture. At the right is Robert Varley's sketch of a young Eskimo, and, from the Robert Flaherty collection, a ring of carved ivory figures.

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On the Pages of Fiction, Other People, Other Places

This Week SR *Focuses Upon Novels Placed Against the Faraway Backdrops of Poland, France, Egypt, and Japan.*

Time's Moments

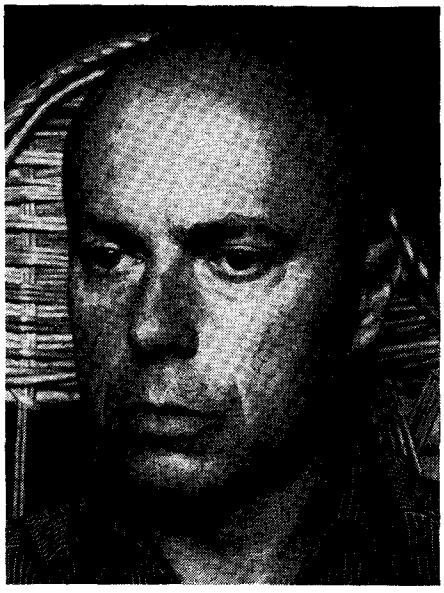
"A Change of Heart," by Michel Butor; *translated by Jean Stewart (Simon & Schuster. 249 pp. $3.75), and* ***"The Wind," by Claude Simon;*** *translated by Richard Howard (Braziller. 254 pp. $3.50), represent a new school of French fiction in which life is depicted in extraordinary detail to give a greater sense of reality. Jerrold Lanes is a critic with a special interest in the literature of France.*

By Jerrold Lanes

AMERICAN readers have already had a taste of what is called the "new novel" in France through books by Nathalie Sarraute and Alain Robbe-Grillet. With "A Change of Heart" and "The Wind" we can finally see that the leaders of the school are all mature writers, each with his own particular qualities and held together chiefly by a common concern to advance the technique of the novel, while so many of their contemporaries continue to fumble with problems that were already solved a century ago—when they were meaningful, as they no longer are.

The "plot" of Michel Butor's "A Change of Heart" is simple to the point of nonexistence: a middle-aged Frenchman, head of the French division of an Italian firm, is traveling from wife, children, and Paris to see his mistress in Rome; by the end of the voyage, he has decided not to see her. The "events" composing this plot are confined to descriptions of the hero's fellow-passengers and the countryside seen en route, and flash-backs of the hero's marriage, his romance, and his work. In a certain sense, then, this novel is an exercise in introspection and self-knowledge, and if it is read on this plane it will be found to have a real richness and subtlety of analysis.

This is not, however, its point. For



Claude Simon—"most powerful talent . . . since the war."

one thing, Butor—as his title indicates—is not primarily concerned with whether the hero will leave his wife or his mistress, still less with drawing any principle from the outcome. What interests him above all is the process by which it occurs, the flux through which, and only through which, it *can* occur. Like so many of the significant writers of our period, from Proust to Joyce, Butor is concerned with time. And while, like Proust or Joyce, he marks the succession of time's moments by descriptions of the train ride—which some readers will find disconcerting in their detail—his intention, like theirs, is actually to create a timeless myth which fuses past and future in a meaningful, symbolic present.

This he achieves partly through the aura he gives to the city of Rome, the Eternal City which becomes, in fact, the central character of the novel—far more so than the hero, for whom it represents a reason for living, while his mistress is only a pale reflection of life's meaning to him, or his wife, who is merely the absence of a *raison d'être*. But he achieves it above all through the extraordinary device of writing in the second person, with "you," directly addressing the reader and drawing him in quite literally, where another writer would simply have described the situation from the outside. This "you" is extraordinary and irresistible. As a French critic has said, it has all the richness and the nuances of "I" and all the clarity of "he." By incorporating the reader ineluctably into his hero's drama, Butor has written a kind of modern Everyman: this is a universal "change of heart" in which the hero's destination takes on the character of a collective destiny.

Claude Simon is concerned with some of the same problems of technique, but in a very different way, and readers sophisticated enough to follow his style—which, like Butor's, is not just a manner but an integral part of the novel's substance—will find in him an astounding vision, of an intensity that has no equal today save in the novels of Céline. Simon's is the most powerful talent to have appeared since the war.

Antoine Montès arrives in an anonymous town in the south of France to take possession of a property he has just inherited from his father. In the end, he sells the land, not because of the legal complications that have developed, but because the whirlwind of passions set into motion by his arrival has finally exhausted itself in a group of prodigious people whose frenzy or whose strength almost equals that of the mistral itself, from which the book takes its name.

Like Butor, Claude Simon is very much concerned with giving new vigor to the objective time sequence of the traditional novel. This is the point of his frenetic piling-up of modifying phrases, and of his sentences that go on for pages, until they have got to the absolute bottom of the reality they try to convey. For when the book opens, the story is already over; Simon's problem is to bring its development back to life, to recreate the process of its unfolding in all its actuality—just as Butor's was. Like Butor, then, he has written a quest, and a quest for the writer,

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through his technique, as much as for the reader. And this is perhaps why, like Butor, he has centered his novel around a landscape and the wind that torments it rather than around the flickering or explosive, but in any case hallucinatory existence of his characters—for they, in the wind that torments *them*, cannot be reached by any gust.

Yet the over-all quality of "The Wind" is quite different. Butor has kept, in spite of everything, a structure that is almost classical in its harmony. Simon is not classical, but baroque, and his novel is torn, like all baroque works, between the form of a rounded whole and the energy that, animating this form, always threatens to break out of it. This is what accounts for the extraordinary pace of the book, which moves so quickly as to be instantaneous. The speed conveys, not the traditional, sliding succession of events, but a fixed series of violent climaxes of a sort you hardly find, except in Dostoevsky or Faulkner. It is these which give the novel its impact.

Puddles of Warsaw

"The Man with the White Eyes," by Leopold Tyrmand; *translated by David Welsh (Knopf. 434 pp. $4.95), recently a best-seller in Poland, describes Warsaw caught in the throes of underworld violence. It is reviewed by Pawel Mayewski, who is the editor of "The Broken Mirror," a collection of contemporary Polish short stories.*

By Pawel Mayewski

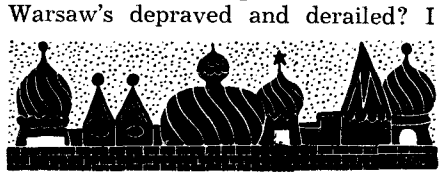
"IF there are no villains, they must be invented" might run a saying reflecting one of the basic desires of the human imagination. By this, I do not mean to imply that real villains (or is it evil?) cannot be found anywhere or at any time by those who look beneath the surface. What I have in mind is the absence of flesh-and-blood villains, as well as nonpolitical villains, that we observed for many years in Communist-inspired literature. The villains were there, and conspicuously so, but always under the aegis of some "foreign power," frequently with subversive cameras in their pockets or, at least, with cigars in their mouths. They were, to use a phrase, imported villains, products of either an alien system or an alien land. This stereotyped, made-to-order image of evil and crime prevailed until someone cried, like the boy in Andersen's tale: "Citizens, we have native dirt behind our ears."

Leopold Tyrmand's "The Man with the White Eyes," published in Poland in 1956 and well received there, is not the first cry to that effect, nor is it the most profound. Much has recently been written in Poland, and justly so, about homebred evils, some the outcome of the usual workings of human nature, and others the result of social, economic, and political tribulations. Utopias (for it is about Utopia that we hear so much from the other side) are hard to come by, as has now been admitted by even the most ardent believers. The rain of life inevitably leaves its mud puddles.

Tyrmand's novel exposes such a puddle, and it is a striking one, perhaps because it appears against the familiar Communist background of sun and optimism; sometimes the puddle, as the author lets us see it, seems to be artificial, and sometimes clumsily contrived, but still it is a puddle.

The book tells a story of juvenile delinquency channeled and used for evil purposes by a shrewd, extremely tough gangster with the strange name of Philip Merynos, who bears a striking resemblance to the Chicago gangsters of yesteryear (he loves a beautiful woman, Madame Szuwar, slaps his aides, drives a limousine, etc.). With the help of his "apparatus" he manages to organize a gang of Warsaw thugs and almost succeeds in making a million from the sale of football match tickets, obtained from a bribed state employee. The terrorized city (Merynos's thugs spit at, kick, slash, and rob its populace) finally acquires a defender—a sort of Zorro who, single-handed, declares war on the delinquents, Merynos, evil, and crime. Eventually, after a series of almost unbelievable feats, and despite the police's objections to someone doing their job, he makes mincemeat of them all and restores "peace and quiet" to the city. Although the hero's appearance in the midst of troubles is short of fantastic (he is not only a Zorro but also a *deus ex machina*), his motives at least are credible, and one of the few moving parts in the book is when he reminisces about his former sins, which are as gruesome as anything Merynos himself could be charged with.

Apart from the plot, which like most thrillers of this kind is shrouded in mystery and verbosity, we may ask whether or not Tyrmand's people are real. Is theirs the genuine voice of Warsaw's depraved and derailed? I



hesitate to reply in the affirmative. They give the impression of being the mere echo of a typewriter, which evokes neither pity nor anger. The streets, the squares, the low dives, the stores, and the sport arenas have more color than the faces of Tyrmand's people. Above all, one is struck by the face of the ruined city, which despite the flow of time reminds us, and those who live there, of a grimmer and far more terrible evil.

Egypt and Alsop

"This Fiery Night," by Joan Vatsek *(Harper. 376 pp. $3.95), recreates the atmosphere of revolution in a first novel about modern Egypt. William Kay Archer of Hunter College, who taught linguistics in Afghanistan, writes frequently about Middle Eastern life and letters.*

By William Kay Archer

COSMOPOLITE, shifting, restless, uncertain, buffeted by politics, enervated by corruption, intoxicated by the glittering magnificence of Arabic rhetoric, pulled this way and that by too many loyalties and too much history, Egypt, at the beginning of the Fifties began to prepare what, after the fact, was called "The Revolution."

This is the time of "This Fiery Night," a novel of three admirable qualities: swift plot, clear characters, exciting incidents—and three bad ones: unkempt writing, resort to formula, and political naïveté. It is a vigorous, easy-to-read, entertaining book of that most enjoyable sort of fantasy: seeming realism.

Wicked, wealthy Charlotte Zaki, relict of an Egyptian, conspires with Selim Hussein in the political assassination of a *parvenu* British railways inspector. Selim begins to smuggle arms, develops visions of political power, corrupts ministers, associates with Russians, and foments riots. He is watched by honest police chief Yedid Bey, whose daughter Jeanette does social work in the villages and is engaged to Selim's nephew. Yedid's son, Feisal, returned from England, captains Egyptian police, who harass British troops guarding the Canal. The Britons' leader, Peter Walsh, loves American Hillary, niece of Lady Cecily, who loves Egypt. There are others.

Conspiracies mount, fedayeen attack, British and Egyptians fight in Ismailia, personal crises erupt and precipitate state events, the Moslem

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Books in the Bloodstream

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following editorial is drawn from a talk at the dedication exercises of the new Colgate University library at Hamilton, N. Y.*

THERE was a time when a library was considered the greatest of all national treasures. We can remind ourselves that Demetrius Phalereus, who superintended the great library at Alexandria, held up a large shipment of supplies to Greece—not because he wanted more money but because he insisted that Egypt be paid by Greece in original manuscripts. Phalereus held out for two folios by Aeschylus, one by Sophocles, and one by Euripides. Not even a lefthander or a switch-hitter to seal the bargain. Just a straight transaction of several dozen tons of wheat for a few pounds of manuscript.

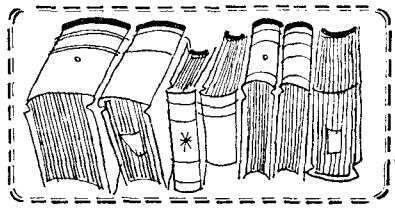
And the importance attached to libraries in those early but otherwise advanced times may be apparent from the amount of time Cicero took away from his consulship to spend in the library. Every now and then, in fact, it became necessary for Cicero to assure the people that he was not neglecting affairs of state in the pursuit of his hobby. In more recent times, this question has come up in a somewhat different form, indicating that the distance from Publicans to Republicans may not be as great as we think.

In any event, the Greeks and the Romans had a word for their books, a good word, and they attached to their libraries the same special feelings of satisfaction and awe that a more modern generation has sometimes applied to Fort Knox. Indeed, the Latin term *thesaurus* means, quite literally, a treasure house. In any inventory of their national assets, the Romans counted their manuscripts even before they counted their edifices.

To be sure, a library in the old days was rather careful about the company it kept. The first question a Roman interested in a library would ask was not "How many books does it have?" or even "What did it cost?" but "What does it have that is worth providing space to keep?" The yardstick then and for a few centuries to come was not coverage so much as it was cogency. As late as the fourteenth century, in fact, one of the best libraries in Europe, the Royal Library of France, did not number more than 900 volumes, all of which knew the meaning of service.

In our time, of course, we are compelled to be comprehensive. This is inevitable. New knowledge is just as much entitled to elbow room as the old. In fact, new knowledge is being generated so fast that it can hardly be classified, let alone be fitted out for its cubicles. We must manage somehow both to pay our respects to this new knowledge and to find a place for it on the open stacks.

Even so, one wonders whether the fascination with numbers ought not to be subdued somewhat where books are concerned. The value of a library is no more represented by the number of volumes it houses than a book by the number of its pages. It is what happens to people inside the library that counts and not just the yardage of the catalogue cards. A good library should be the delivery room of the intellect for people who like to bring ideas to life. It is also, or should be, a busy thoroughfare where a reasonably curious man can rub shoulders with the interesting and provocative people of history, and, indeed, where he can get on reading terms with some original ideas. It is an exchange center for basic facts, to be sure; but there is no reason why it should not fulfill Disraeli's designation as a place which affords the consoling pleasures of the imagination.



MOST important of all, however, the library in today's world offers more than incidental intelligence for a society looking for a place to go. One of the unhappy characteristics of modern man is that he lives in a state of historical disconnection. He has not put his experience to work in coping with new dangers. He has tended to segregate himself from the wisdom so slowly and painfully built up over long centuries. He has made the mistake of thinking that because there is so much that is new in the nature of contemporary crisis the past has nothing of value to say to us. But the fact that men like Socrates or Comenius or Milton or Jefferson or Lao-Tse did not have to contend with atomic weapons or intercontinental missiles does not mean that their views of life and great issues have meaning only for their own times. Similarly, the Peloponnesian Wars may be more than two thousand years in the past, but some of the basic principles emerging from that experience might be helpful today. And the story of man's own growth and his struggle to create and preserve his noble works—all this deserves our respect. At least we ought to know what it is that is now being jeopardized.

It is in this sense that the library may be able to speak to the human condition in today's world. For books serve as the natural bloodstream of human experience. They make it possible for the big thoughts of big minds to circulate in the body of history. They represent a point of contact between past and future.

There is something else that books can do. They can figure in the essential conversion operation that man now requires. For it is not enough that man has been able to develop his scientific and mechanical skills in converting things. It is not enough that man can convert the face of nature into a countenance congenial to human life. Not enough for him to convert sand, stone,

(*Continued on page* 36)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HASH AND REHASH

WHY DID YOU publish that rehash of Max Eastman's old quarrel with Hemingway (*SR* April 4)? It seems to me to be in the worst possible taste and hardly *Saturday Review* calibre. Anyone who might still be interested in that disgusting story could easily check in old newspapers and get the dope. Mr. Eastman seems pretty smug about his prowess and actually the article is his story rather than Hemingway's.

HAZEL F. BRIGGS.

Madison, Wis.

SHARPLY REVEALING

THANK YOU FOR printing Max Eastman's humorous essay, "The Great and Small in Ernest Hemingway." It is sharply revealing, containing a realistic sense of present and past. It is conceivably one of the most effective tributes to Hemingway printed in the recent past.

JAMES MCKIMMEY.

La Honda, Calif.

WHAT'S THE BEEF?

THIS AMAZES ME. I feel it would be too shallow to compare this with a mosquito biting a horse (or whatever Sam Johnson's phrase was). Is Mr. Eastman sick? Hasn't he any friends who would herd him into a psychiatrist? And tell me—just how hard up is the *SR* for attention?

Or if I'm wrong—maybe not knowing what's what—what *is* your beef with Hemingway?

THOS. G. STALEY.

Eagle Point, Ore.

FAMINE AT *SR*

HAVE WE REALLY come to this? Do we really have to read the arguments between Eastman and Ernest Hemingway, *years* old, concerning the latter's sexual impotence? Who *cares*? And to have *this* the feature article! *SR* has really run out of food for thought.

KATHERINE MCDEVITT.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

INSIGNIFICANT IMPOTENCY

I SYMPATHIZE WITH *SR*'s concern with the literati. However, Hemingway's sexual impotency doesn't impress me as a particularly significant topic. Mr. Eastman's virile account, including his glowing description of hand-to-hand combat with Mr. H., leaves no doubt that Max Eastman wouldn't have said *that* about Ernest.

W. B. WRIGHT.

Schenectady, N. Y.

NO LABOR OF LOVE

AFTER LABORING through all those quoted statements and letters regarding who said and did what twenty-two years ago, this reader concludes that the article reveals much more about "The Small in Mr. Eastman."

FORREST D. ROBINSON.

Wadsworth, Ohio

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But they're contributing a lot to the world—law, for instance."

UTTERLY JUVENILE

I FIND IT DIFFICULT to understand why *SR* published "The Great and Small in Ernest Hemingway" by Max Eastman. This is utterly juvenile and inconsequential stuff that does not merit publication in your magazine.

J. H. BARNETT.

Storrs, Conn.

FINE FROST

THANK YOU FOR CIARDI'S transcription (*SR* March 21) of the Great Conversation with Robert Frost. His shaping of questions caught such an abundant flow of wisdom from that loved and trusted source. Thank you, too, for the picture—a consummate photographic record of eighty-five years of living, speaking, working, and loving. Thank you for Professor Thompson's fine article, and the excerpt from "Kitty Hawk."

LEEDICE KISSANE.

Pocatello, Idaho

BOOKS FOR POLAND

THE RAVENSBRUECK Lapins, many of whom are in America now, are living monuments of the brute violence done against the Polish people in a stark physical sense. Recently the writer (as a visiting professor attached to the Jagiellonian University at Krakow under the Ford Foundation program), has witnessed crimes of the spirit which have also been perpetrated against the Poles. Laboratory apparatus was carried off by the Nazis and the laboratories destroyed. Libraries were burned in toto or in part and the results of the deprivation of literary and scientific contacts with other areas of the world for the last twenty years are difficult to evaluate. It is doubtful if adequate repair can ever be made to Poland's intellectual well-being any more than to the hygienic status of the Lapins.

However, things have changed and intellectual relationships with all the countries of the world are being reestablished with an eagerness that is in direct relationship to the length of the deprivation period. While Polish books are generally cheap and readily available, American books are extremely expensive and hard to come by in a country that is valiantly lifting itself by its bootstraps. In connection with my lecture tour of Polish universities, I recently inspected a departmental library, which consisted of a colorful row of a dozen or so recent American textbooks that stood out like an oasis in a desert of dry, ancient, discolored, and unused tomes. These had been presented by a recently departed Ford Foundation visiting professor and were cherished by students and faculty. The writer was inspired on the spot to try to add to the 3,000 books that he has already brought to the University of Krakow by appealing to the readers of *SR* to send him books for distribution to the universities of Lublin, Warsaw, and Poznan when he visits them. No customs declaration is necessary, the postage rates are incredibly cheap, while a book here is a very precious thing.

Scientific, technical, or literary books are all equally welcome but speed is of the essence.

N. H. PRONKO,
Katedra Psychologii,
Jagiellonian Uniwersytet,
Lipcowego Manifestu 13,
Krakow, Poland.

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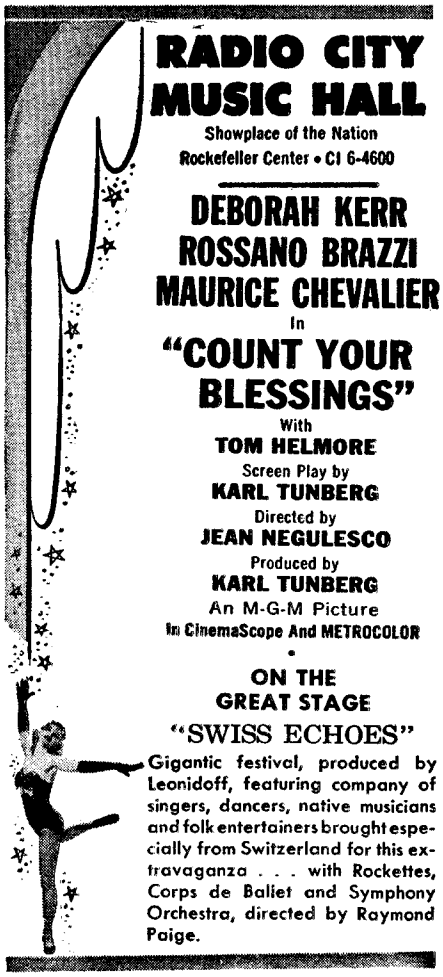
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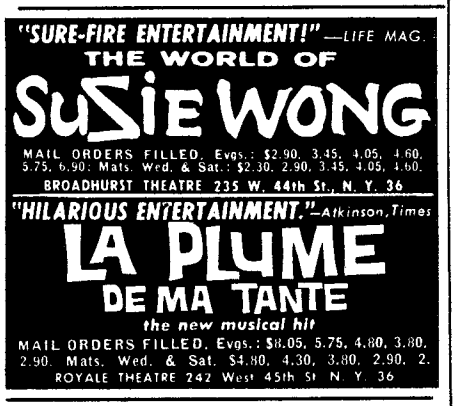
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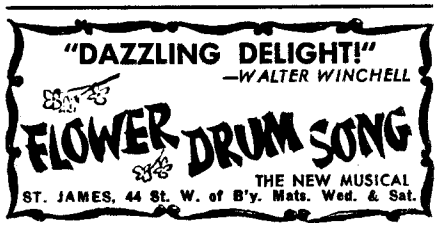

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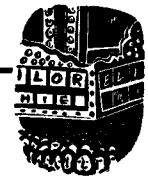

Art and Commerce: French Style

FRENCH film makers have been making excellent use lately of the novels of George Simonen. Perhaps because of their dry and occasionally amoral tone, the French find them more inspirational than do people in Hollywood, even though their wealth of incident and unusual (although not particularly profound) characterizations would seem to make them good bets for movies. The first of a recent series of three to come along, "Inspector Maigret," was a mixture of solid detective work—starring Jean Gabin as the famous detective—and some psychological, not to say psychiatric, probing. "Forbidden Fruit" involved Fernandel in a "straight" role as a doctor who threw off the shackles of mother and wife domination long enough to have an unhappy affair with a carefree young girl. A situation not particularly new, but presented with enough freshness (and good performing by Fernandel and Françoise Arnoul) to make the film alive and touching. More ambitious than the others is **"Love Is My Profession,"** which has been running with great success in Paris as "En Cas de Malheur." The rather free translation is obviously meant to emphasize the presence in the cast of Brigitte Bardot, who is now being touted, by the French, at least, as actress as well as sex symbol.

There has been a good deal of junk written and talked about Miss Bardot's representing some sort of spirit of modern young womanhood, and I suspect a lot of it to be simply a justification of the voyeuristic use made of her redoubtable body by people who pretend that their motives are more artistic and philosophical than commercial. Miss Bardot has never seemed to me a beauty, but her face is intriguingly animalistic, and she gets through the message less broadly and vulgarly than, say, Jayne Mansfield, that she can shed inhibitions as quickly as clothing. This hardly adds up to charm, but it has certainly added up to box-office. Something new has been added in "Love Is My Profession." She has a role with more scope for portrayal than any yet given her. The characterization, in other words, outweighs the exposure. Not that the latter is missing, by any means. One scene in the version I saw (and censorious cuts may well be made) has her emerging from her bath in the nude, rear view, and scampering past a phlegmatic Jean Gabin and a shocked lady secretary. If that scene is missing from what you see, you will know that scissors have been active.

To get back to characterization, Miss Bardot enacts a prostitute, thief, and drug vendor who comes to a fateful end after involving herself with a rich, middle-aged lawyer, and a young, hot-headed medical student. The lawyer is known for his willingness to waive a fee now and then in return for certain services. He is played in usual tight-lipped, unsmiling style by Jean Gabin; his wife (in France the wife *always* understands) is a rather unsatisfying part for the subtle and fascinating actress, Edwige Feuillere. When the girl gets in trouble by stealing watches from a jewelry repairer and crowning his wife with an iron bar, the lawyer not only gets her off, but ruins the life of the elderly couple. Caught by her sensuality, he then puts her up in a series of more and more lavish hotel rooms and apartments, the while she cheerfully confesses her playful nymphomaniac activities to him. All of this is hardly morally uplifting, and Claude Autant-Lara presumably does not want it to seem so, for he has emphasized naturalistic detail to a striking degree, even for a French film.

WHAT puzzles is the sympathy both he and the screen writers, Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, endow upon the girl. If she is not exactly the warm-hearted tart dearly beloved by Hollywood, she is made to seem "more to be pitied than censured." If I were to take any moral from the movie at all it would be that prostitutes ought to be left on the street where they belong, otherwise they'll only come to a bad end. The movie has already excited interest, I'm sure, for its oblique references to the perverse. It is strongly hinted, for instance, that the lawyer is impotent. Why, then, does he spend a fortune and risk his career for the girl? There is the hint of an odd *menage a trois,* when the girl hires a pretty little maid as servant and companion. Ah, the French! There's no stopping them, and there probably never will be. But I still suspect that some notable talent and some trenchant film-making has been put again to commercial purpose. The artistic overtones only confuse the issue.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Tenstrikes

"I RISE in Flame, Cried the Phoenix" is Tennessee Williams's purest piece of dramatic writing. Indeed it is so pure that the playwright, when he wrote it in 1949, did not believe that it could be performed in the theatre. Happily, the short play's public unveiling on the New York Chapter of ANTA's Matinee Theatre Series proves Mr. Williams wrong in this particular estimate of his own work and suggests in general that the great playwright should have more faith that audiences will learn to appreciate what he finds most valuable in his own writing.

For played without alteration by a trio of actors dedicated to the author's inspired vision, this play distills the beauty of D. H. Lawrence's life into a brief death scene. It does not stick to the literal facts of that last day at Vence, but rather attempts to fashion the poetic truth of Lawrence's spirit as it might have been revealed in the final critical moment. The mortal shell burned out by inner fire at its hottest.

To do this he has invented a visit by Dorothy Brett, a woman who seems to love the poet in a colder and more repressed way than did Lawrence's wife, Frieda. Before Brett arrives we hear Lawrence tell his wife, "I have a nightmarish feeling that while I'm dying I'll be surrounded by women. They'll burst in the door and the windows the moment I lose the strength to push them away. They'll moan and they'll flutter like doves round the burnt-out phoenix. They'll cover my face and my hands with filmy kisses and little trickling tears."

Lawrence makes Frieda promise him to let him die alone fiercely and cleanly like some old animal. Alfred Ryder plays the role as a dying man but wonderfully fierce, angry, and prophetic. He can make such an unpleasant act as spitting up blood into a bowl beautiful and poetic. He achieves a lovely sadness when he says weakly, "People are damn complicated and yet there's nothing much to them."

And in a speech reminiscent of Dylan Thomas's "And Death shall Have No Dominion," Mr. Ryder's Lawrence exits gloriously with "The sun's going down. He's seduced by the harlot of darkness. Now she has got him, they're copulating together! The sun is exhausted, the harlot has taken his strength and now she will start to destroy him. She's eating him up . . . Oh, but he won't stay down. He'll climb back out of her belly and there will be light . . . there will always be light."

As Frieda, Viveca Lindfors gives an earthy performance that is quickly responsive and ever changing. One moment she is vengeful, the next protective. She taunts her sick husband but is distraught when the resultant anger takes him closer to death. In the end she triumphs when the dying Lawrence calls her to him.

The other woman, Brett, is played by Nan Martin who is delightful when she plays childish games with Lawrence as a sex-substitute. Miss Martin makes her role a waltz of celibacy in contrast with Miss Lindfors visceral symphony.

That "I Rise In Flame, Cried the Phoenix" should have waited ten years for its New York première is hard to understand, but it could hardly have waited for a better production. Is Mr. William's espousal of Off-Broadway a sign of a growing playwrights' and performers' revolt against Broadway producing conditions that dictate they must do everything, everything, everything to meet the shallowest wishes of undiscriminating audiences? Support for such a speculation would seem to be provided by several other theatre events last week.

ETHEL WATERS, one of the first ladies of the American Theatre, appeared at the Renata Theatre in the same program she performed five years ago On Broadway, titled **"An Evening With Ethel Waters."** Miss Waters has put on a bit of weight, but she lights up this small theatre with her breathy ecstasy, her throaty undertones and her ability to act what she's singing about. Occasionally, I find myself wishing that Miss Waters didn't find it necessary to slip in pleas for our love and for our sharing her religious zeal, but this is a minor objection to a fine evening that allows us to relive some of the immortal moments in the American theatre with one of its first ladies.

A tiny basement theatre on 41st Street proved hospitable to a little known young actor named Hal Holbrook, who has worked up what seems to be an amazingly good impersonation of the seventy-year-old Mark Twain. Staying within this character, Mr. Holbrook holds his audience completely with tall stories, dry observations, readings, and other material from the famous writer's repertoire. Mr. Holbrook has in his **"Mark Twain Tonight"** rediscovered a technique of casual delivery that challenges the modern supercharged comic. He wanders about the stage toying with his cigar, leafing through some tattered notes, and letting his jokes come out in reluctant sentences. And because Mark Twain was a great writer, the material seems as true today as when it was first written.

FINALLY, a new play that would have been ideal for off-Broadway presentation was presented on Broadway. Titled, **"Kataki,"** which is Japanese for "The Enemy," this play by Simon Wincelberg offers an unusual dramatic situation. An American flier in World War II bails out and lands on a Pacific atoll inhabited by a Japanese soldier, who had been abandoned there.

The rest of the play consists of the strained efforts of these two to survive together. Since neither speaks the other's language, no treaties can be arrived at. Perhaps this is an advantage. The American filled with Army-indoctrinated hatred for all Japanese plus a fear that he may be murdered by the armed Japanese soldier at any time, tries to kill him with a sneak attack. It looks like all-out war until the American accidentally steps into a bog of quicksand. He is about to die, when that all-important spark of humanity that is the world's hope ignites and causes the Japanese soldier to rescue him. A little later the American returns the favor by treating his enemy's wound with his only package of sulfa. This brings about the play's most moving moment in which the Japanese soldier takes his knife and puts it in the trunk of a tree so that it can be available to both.

Under Alan Schneider's direction the two characters hold us the majority of the time with uncomplicated performances. Sessue Hayakawa, who except for an occasional phrase like "To Hell With Roosevelt" must do all his talking in Japanese, proves that when one is acting the right responses, lack of verbal communication does not prevent a high degree of audience understanding. And Ben Piazza, whose role becomes a virtual monologue, manages to keep a continual burst of naïveté interesting. "Kataki" nearly succeeds in its audacious attempt. But its author who is so adept at keeping up a simple situation seems less skilful at building the events to a convincing climax. His abrupt ending does not bear out the spirit of a play which is nevertheless well worth seeing. —HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Floyd of "Wuthering Heights"—Ward, Foss

ANY suspicion that Carlisle Floyd might be a one-opera composer was dispelled by the first performance in New York at the City Center of his "Wuthering Heights," which had its premiere in Sante Fe last summer. It is far from the ultimate word on this subject (Bernard Herrmann has said a few of his own that merit a hearing), but it shows that Floyd is capable of a work with a beginning, a middle, and an end in quite another style than the folksy one of "Susannah."

That the end is mentionable along with the beginning and middle is an addenda to the story of its premiere, for the third act has been substantially rewritten and now contains more musical variety, a stronger flow of dramatic tide than its predecessors. Some of the elision of time and place to serve dramatic ends may disturb devotees of Brönte, but I should think they would be more concerned with the degree of musical justice with which Floyd has recreated this story of bitterness, pride, revenge and devotion. My own view is that there is too much surface melody, not enough dramatic undercurrent in the orchestra to carry the listener to the distant shore where Cathy and Heathcliffe, Nelly and Hindley Earnshaw have their perennial literary existence. There is too much drift to the operatic craft, insufficient navigational skill at Floyd's disposal.

The composer-librettist (Floyd rolls his own) has chosen to begin with an anti-climatic "prologue" showing Wuthering Heights in full decline, the main story a dozen years in the past, its losses (no profits) in full view, the inhabitants "haunted" by Cathy and her outstretched hand. This cinematic suggestion of the "flashback" really doesn't work, operatically, and tends to make the ensuing action less compelling than it might have been otherwise. What follows is a reasonably straightforward story-telling, though neither Heathcliffe nor Cathy really clarify the impulses that make them act as they do.

Moreover, Floyd's music is lacking in resource and variety, not to mention surehanded technic, to involve the listener very much with his people. Much of the time the melodic line rises and falls above sustained chords in the orchestra, sometimes with the stride and freedom that distinguished "Susannah," at other times with too much of a declamatory pattern suggesting the practises of Benjamin Britten. Too little harmonic color is another weakness of a score without much contrapuntal detail or other structural support.

Floyd was fortunate in his dramatic director (Delbert Mann), in his cast and the musical direction of Julius Rudel, rather less so in the awkward, poorly lit settings of Lester Polakov. As Cathy, Phyllis Curtin was sweet-sounding and suitably vacillating, Jack Reardon a potentially fine if slightly immature Heathcliffe and Jon Crain a plausible Hindley. Towering over them (if less by intent than authority) was the Nelly of Patricia Neway, a real portrait in a gallery of sketches. Frank Poretta (Edgar Linton) and Jacquelynne Moddy (Isabella) did as well as their unformed talents permitted.

AS A subject for musical treatment, Leonid Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" has some appealing elements: atmosphere, a love story, mysticism, and a ready source of contrast in its small-time circus background. As developed by Robert Ward and presented as the week's second premiere at the City Center, the elements and their appeal seem, at the end, more or less where they had been at the beginning—inherent in the subject and waiting to be treated, but never quite brought into focus by the score he has provided for a libretto by Bernard Stambler (which takes some liberties with the author's morose philosophy.)

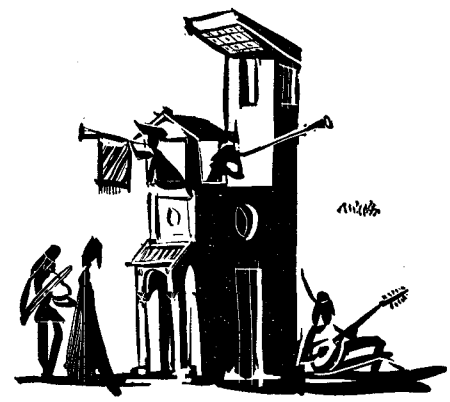
For an act and a half, Ward moves in and around the subject with excellent dramatic sense, some appropriately atmospheric circus music, a sufficiently developed command of English word values to make the drama intelligible through its delivery by his stage characters. But there comes the moment when the melodic issue can be evaded no longer, when Pantaloon ("He" who gets slapped) sits down to explain to young Consuelo where she is, emotionally, and soon finds himself in the midst of the situation he is trying to analyze. Ward has plotted this resourcefully in the form of a duo da capo, so to speak, but the whole accent and coloration is Tchaikovsky-cum-Rachmaninoff, which lets the listener down rather badly at this crucial point.

There was much to praise in the excellent performance directed by Emerson Buckley with Lee Venora as a charming Consuelo in voice and appearance, David Atkinson a believable Pantaloon, and Regina Sarfaty a first class embodiment of the lion-taming Zinida. Norman Kelley, Chester Ludgin, and Emile Renan carried their smaller but important roles convincingly. Michael Pollock's capable stage direction used the colorful setting of Andreas Nomikos to excellent advantage.

In a succession of works dating from "Prairie" to "Song of Songs" and the "Psalms" for chorus and orchestra, Lukas Foss has acquainted his public with a talent to write music of freshness and personality, with a warm tone decidedly his own. In the "Symphony of Chorales" recently introduced by the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Leonard Bernstein, Foss seems determined to prove that he, too, can write "modern music," with results that are hardly musical and not really modern.

Perhaps the outcome would have been less distressing had not Foss chosen four chorales of the Bach Gesellschaft edition as the motival elements of a four-movement work written at the invitation of the "Friends of Albert Schweitzer" on a commission from the Koussevitzky Music Foundation. The third movement interlude based on Chorale No. 139 ("Now slumber does descend o'er man, beast, town and land") had a measure of tranquility and charm befitting the text, but the others went from complexity to concatenation with little aural relationship to the textual premise. Fortunately, Foss's talent has been evident on too many other occasions for this misdemeanor to be permanently damaging, but it left one shaken in the previous estimate of his motivations and impulses. In the first portion of the concert he was harpsichord soloist in a performance of the Handel concerto in F known as the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale," and directed as well as played the piano part of the Mozart concerto in C (K.467, No. 21).

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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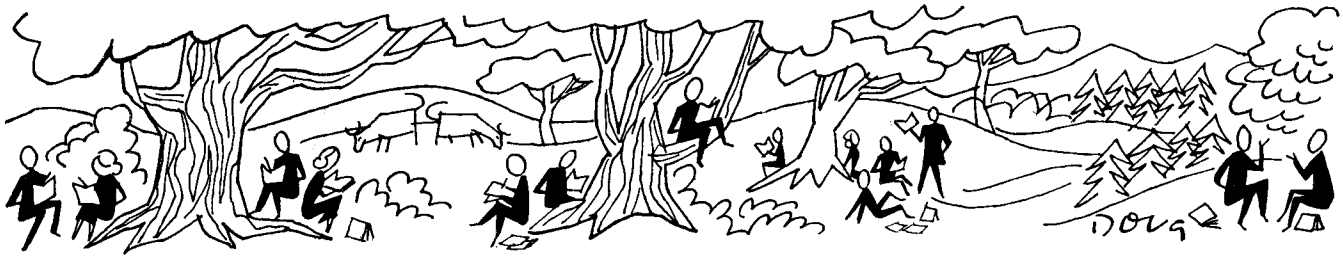

WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

By GORHAM MUNSON, *who is director of the New York City Writers Conference at Wagner College.*

THIS previewer has never known optimism among writers' conference directors to be so strong or so prevalent as it is this year. True, they were highly optimistic last year, and then the recession hit some of them. The Washington Square Writers Conference of New York University and the Writers' Workshop of the Corpus Christi Fine Arts Colony were among those abandoned before the economic ill winds. But many of the others had their best years. Bread Loaf and Indiana actually turned away applicants. But the most significant thing about the reports for 1958 of conference directors is not the satisfaction over full enrollments but the pleasure taken in the quality of conferee enrolled. Again and again this previewer has been informed that last year the conferences received more publishable manuscripts than ever before.

Here, I think, we have an answer to an interesting question Granville Hicks raised in an article in the *New Leader* about a year and a half ago. Mr. Hicks had been on the staff of the Antioch Writers' Conference, and later he had asked: Do talented writers go to the summer conferences?

His conclusion—based, I think, on insufficient acquaintance with writers' conferences—was that the proportion of nontalent to talent at the conferences was high. There isn't enough talent to go around, he said, and the majority of the conferees are not and never will be writers. At the conference where he conducted a workshop Mr. Hicks found that only four or five writers out of twenty-three registered showed promise.

We can't know, of course, the content of "promise" to Mr. Hicks but we can guess that if he found five novels of "promise" out of each twenty-three he read for a publisher, he would consider that the influx of manuscripts had greatly improved. "Over the transom" submissions to magazines simply do not run in the proportion of one acceptable script to four or five rejections; it is more likely to be one acceptance out of twenty-five or fifty, depending on how writer-congested the publication may be.

I have a basis for comparison, for I have spent many years in magazine and publishing company offices, and I have in one capacity or another attended more than thirty writers' conferences. I speak from extensive experience when I say that one sees more publishable stuff at the conferences than one will find in the "slush piles" (unsolicited manuscripts unscreened by agents) in editorial offices.

As a test, look over the 1957 roster of full-time conferees at the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference (Carroll Towle says 1958 was better). There were sixty-nine of them in 1957, and forty had published books or magazine or newspaper contributions. And here is a striking report on quality of conferee from Robert W. Mitchner, director of the Indiana University Writers' Conference:

> The thing I noticed most [he remarks] was the increasingly high caliber of the would-be writers who attended last year. All my staff members commented on this phenomenon; it was even said by some of them that, with a few obvious exceptions, all the conferees might well expect to be publishing within the near future. We are excited by the fact that H. L. Lawson, who began a book for older boys under John Selby's direction (or with his help and encouragement) in 1953, and who has returned for every conference since (he won the $75 Weekly Reader Children's Book Club prize last summer) ended up with a book, "Pitch Dark and No Moon," which Crowell has scheduled.

Mr. Mitchner goes on to name other books and magazine pieces by members of his recent conferences.

MY SAMPLING is quite fair. I am leaving out mention of the Pulitzer Prize winners and the National Book Award winners who have attended writers' conferences, and I am not citing the long list of hand-picked fellowship holders at Bread Loaf. To be conclusive but not exhaustive on this matter of "promising" or "talented" or "publishable" (a more objective term) writers, I recall that when I was director of the University of Kansas City Writers Conference in 1949, I invited one of the best literary agents to be market counselor to the conferees. She interviewed all sixty-one, and took on ten clients! And just the other day, glancing over the list of eight recipients for Ford Foundation grants for playwriting, I noted with the pleasure one has when one's judgment is confirmed that Josh Greenfeld,

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Stanley Award Fellow at the NYC Writers Conference at Wagner College, was one of the happy few whose plays were to be financed for professional production.

Of course, there are conferences that are quite thin in talent—they are more likely to be in the group of short one- to four-day conferences—but by and large each of the one- to three-week conferences offers a pace-setting inner group that does much to give it a professional atmosphere.

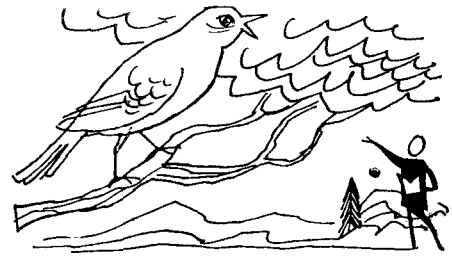
Granville Hicks raised a second question, and this referred to the staffs at the summer conferences. "Taking part in a writers' conference," he said, "is an experience that is likely to raise in anyone's mind the old, old question: Can writing be taught?" His answer was quite sensible and makes a good brief for the conference.

Writing courses give the would-be writer a chance to meet other people who have the same interests and problems he has. "A [writers' conference] is at least a place where other writers can be found." Furthermore, the conference gives writers an audience ("it is from the way the audience responds . . . that a writer comes to measure success and failure"), and it gives them an attentive reader. That is where the staff come in: they are the attentive readers.

The core of the writers' conference is the provision for the less experienced writer of an experienced, helpful, critical, attentive reader who will *confer* for half an hour or more on the manuscript submitted by the conferee. This is not formal instruction but it is the only way writing can be taught. It is the way that Bernard De Voto taught several at Bread Loaf who have since launched brilliant careers.

The quality of teaching on the writers' conference circuit is indeed high. George Savage at Idyllwild, William Peden at Boulder, Sloan Wilson and Charles Angoff at Wagner, Jessamyn West at Portland, Stephen Spender at Utah—these are some of the best teachers in the country, and it would be easy to name a dozen more on the conference circuit who are exceptionally good teachers.

It is often said that a revolution in the teaching of writing has occurred in the last twenty-five years. The non-writing academic instructor has been displaced and the practising writer and editor has taken his chair. Writers now teach writing on many campuses and they do it by the workshop-and-conference method that was tried out at Bread Loaf in 1926 and has been widely followed ever since. The writers' conference is an experiment that has evolved into an institution of great value to American literary life.



ONE- TO THREE-WEEK CONFERENCES

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' WORKSHOP AND CONFERENCE, under auspices of Arizona State College, will meet June 22-July 3 on the campus of Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz. Established 1951. Directors: Weldon F. and Phyllis W. Heald. Visiting lecturers: August Fruge, George Fitzpatrick, Dr. C. Gregory Crampton, Ann Merriman Peck, Billie Yost, Ed Willinger, Roanna Wilson, and one to be announced. Tuition: $20 plus $3 service fee. Room and board: single room, $17.50. double, $12; five- or seven-day meal ticket at cafeteria. Two semester hours' credit on either undergraduate or graduate level. Last year's enrollment: 15. For bulletin, write Registrar, Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz.

PLAYWRIGHTS WORKSHOP, under auspices of Idyllwild School of Music and the Arts, will meet July 24-Aug. 7 at Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif. Founded 1956 as part of Idyllwild Writers Conference and Workshop. Director: Dr. George Savage. Staff: James Allardice, Lee Korf, Jean Korf. Guest lecturers: Henry Hull, Phyllis Kirk, Malvin Wald, Patterson Greene, others to be announced. Upper division—graduate credit through University of Southern California. Tuition: $27.50 per week. Housing: dormitories, furnished cabins, motels, from $1.50 per night per person. Meals: cafeteria style at the Campus Dining Hall. Last year's enrollment: 16. For brochure, write Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif.

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Los Angeles State College, will meet June 22-July 10, at Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles. Founded 1953. Director: Charles E. Beckwith. Speakers: William Eshleman, John Espey, Frona Lane, Charmenz Lenhart, Stephen Longstreet, James B. Moore, Frederick Shroyer, James Steel Smith, Leon Surmelian, Taro Yashima. Subjects: novel, short story, poetry, feature writing, children's literature. "Speakers talk for an hour on a topic of their own choosing, and follow this period with another of the same length of informal discussion and question-and-answer. Past directors have always tried to keep a note of variety." Three units of college credit. Tuition: $9.50. Last year's enrollment: 50. Address inquiries to Charles E. Beckwith, director, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

CALIFORNIA WESTERN UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by California Western University, will meet July 18-July 31 at San Diego, Calif. Founded 1958. Director: Carl Glick. Associate Director: Vivian H. Bresnehen. Staff: Floyd Crutchfield (playwriting); Noel M. Loomis (novel); Vincent McHugh (poetry); Ronal Kayser (Dale Clark) (mystery novel); John Storm (nonfiction). Round-table discussion leaders: Betty Baxter Anderson, Lo Verne Wilson Brown, Pliny Castanien, G. C. Edmondson, Hal G. Evarts, Lucy Brown Franklin, Samuel Weston. Guest Lecturers: Louise Baker, Stewart H. Holbrook, Neil Morgan. Planned sightseeing tours of San Diego and vicinity. Tuition: $40 for two weeks, $25 for one. Room and board: $5.50 per day double, $6.50 per day single. Last year's attendance: 171. For information write Carl Glick, director, Writers' Conference, California Western University, San Diego 6, Calif.

LAURENTIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE will meet June 15-19 at the private estate of Fermanagh Lodge, Lake Manitou South, Province of Quebec, Canada. 60 miles north of Montreal. Founded 1953. Director: E. Louise Cushing. Staff: Mildred Hobbs and one other to be announced. Three sessions daily, with definite topics for each session. Open to women only; "any woman writer is welcome who has either published or has material to send in." All-inclusive fee (tuition, board, etc.): $25. Of last year, the director says: "After announcing there would be no conference, I ended up inviting a handful of old pros for five days and we had a 'summit conference' that was frankly fascinating." For information, write E. Louise Cushing, Laurentian Writers Conference, 820 Buchanan St., St. Laurent, Montreal 9, P. Q.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the auspices of the University of Colorado, will hold its twenty-sixth session, July 20-Aug. 7, at Boulder, Colo. Founded 1930. Director: Margaret Robb. Staff: A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (fiction), Virginia Sorensen (fiction and juvenile writing), Stewart Holbrook (nonfiction), Walker Gibson (poetry), Ellingwood Kay (TV), Shannon Garst (juvenile writing), William Peden (short story), Harold Walton (popular science). Guest lecturer to be announced. Ten undergraduate and four graduate scholarships available. Tuition: $60 min., $98 max. Room and board: approx. $40 per week. Last year's attendance: 90 "More books published by conferees (four) than usual; unusually promising scholarship students." For brochure, write Margaret Robb, director, Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains, University of Colorado, Boulder.

INSTITUTE IN TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNICATIONS, under auspices of Colorado State University, will meet July 6-10 on the campus of Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. Established 1958. Director: Dr. Herman M. Weisman. Staff: Melville Thistle, Robert Carson, Wesley Ballard, Col. William E. Frame, Dr. William F. Carstens, Dick Hodgson, Willard C. Haselbush, C. A. Brown, Dr. Roy C. Nelson. "The institute is designed as a workshop to provide counseling and instruction in technical writing and related industrial communications. Lectures will be supplemented by group discussions, films, laboratory writing exercises, and personal consultations. Participants may submit their own communication problems to a special problems clinic." Tuition: $50. Room and board: $50. Two college credits given. Last year's enrollment over 50. For information, write Chairman, Department of English and Modern Languages, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, under auspices of Suffield Academy, will meet July 26-Aug. 1 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn. Founded 1955. Director: Paul G. Sanderson, Jr. Staff: Shirley Barker (fiction); Shirley Jackson (short story); William Jay Smith (poetry); Marjorie Mueller Freer (juvenile); Carl Lindstrom (nonfiction). Guest lecturers: Padraic Colum, Louis Untermeyer, Warren Weaver, Odell Shepard. "The writer and the reader have the opportunity to meet informally. Through discussion, demonstration, and experimentation in the various group meetings, there is a free exchange of ideas on the creation, understanding, and enjoyment of the written word." Eight scholarships for college students available. Tuition: $25. All-inclusive fee, including room and board: $90. Last year's attendance: 100. For brochure, write Paul G. Sanderson, Jr., director, Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

SOUTHERN WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of the University of Georgia, will meet Aug. 2-Aug. 7 at Athens, Ga. Founded 1957. Director: Frazier Moore. Staff: John Selby (fiction), James Playsted Wood (nonfiction), Emmett Rogers (drama), Edd Winfield Parks (poetry). Guest lecturers: Samuel Goldwyn, Jr., Nunnally Johnson, Don Hobart, Annie Laurie Williams, Kennett Rawson, Virginius Dabney. Tuition-and-room scholarships are offered on a competitive basis to university students from 11 Southern states. Tuition: $50. Rooms: $4 per night. Last year's attendance, 64. For brochure, write Eugene Watson, coordinator, University of Georgia Center for Continuing Education, Athens, Ga.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University, will meet July 6-11 on the campus of Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: Nancy Wilson Ross (novel), Stanley Young (short story), Maurice Zolotow (nonfiction), Winfield Townley Scott (poetry), Ernest Kinoy (TV writing), Jean Lee Latham (juvenile writing). Banquet for Mideastern Children's Literature Writers, speaker (Jean Lee Latham) and many special guests. Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship and Prizes; Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship; ten Indiana University Foundation workshop scholarships and cash prizes. Tuition: $25 for first workshop, $20 for second; additional workshops may be audited at rate of $15 for first, $10 for each beyond first. Room: $3.75-$6 per person per night. Board: reasonable rates at campus restaurants—perhaps $3 per day average. Last year's enrollment: 100 (limited to that number, 14 turned away). For brochure, write Robert W. Mitchner, director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Bloomington, Ind.

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Morehead State College, will meet July 27-Aug. 7 at Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky. Founded 1952. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: James Still (short story), Robert Francis (poetry), Harry Harrison Kroll (fiction, nonfiction), Harvey Curtis Webster (fiction, nonfiction), Peggy Simeon Curry (poetry, fiction), Hollis Summers (poetry, fic-

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tion), Gerald Griffin (journalism), W. P. Covington, III (Poet's Theatre). Guest lecturers: John Napier, Robert Hazel. "Writers' Workshop is designed to perform two important functions: (1) stimulation and direction for the writer, and (2) understanding of creativity and its various forms of expression for the interested person." Two hours' college credit given. Prizes in poetry and fiction. Limited scholarships. Tuition: $15 per week. Room and board: room, $3 per week; board, $10-$12 a week. Last year's enrollment: 45. Last year's conference marked by active participation and many good manuscripts. For brochure, write Albert Stewart, director, Morehead Writers' Conference, Box 841, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of New Hampshire, will hold its twenty-second session Aug. 17-28 at Durham, N. H. Founded 1938. Director: Carroll S. Towle. Staff: George Abbe (poetry), Charles Angoff (nonfiction), Shirley Barker (fiction), Ella S. Bowles (nonfiction), Margaret Coit (nonfiction), Edmund Cortez (TV and radio writing), William Ellis (novel), Loyd Haberly (poetry), Frangcon Jones (short story), Ruth Hill Viguers (juvenile writing), Loring Williams (poetry), Thomas Williams (short story). Guest lecturers: Sid Diamond, A. S. Burack. Three fellowships, six prizes, Durham Chapbook Award. Tuition: contributors, entire conference, $65; contributors, one week, $41; auditors, entire conference, $57; auditors, one week, $33. Rooms: $2 a night. Last year's enrollment: 98. For brochure, write Carroll S. Towle, chairman, University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, Durham, N. H.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, will meet July 6-24 at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. Founded 1947. Director: Walter Spearman. Staff: Robert Francis (poetry), Margaret Widdemer (fiction), Walter Spearman (nonfiction). Writers who come to Chautauqua also enjoy several concerts a week by the Chautauqua Symphony, plays each week by the Cleveland Playhouse, operas by the Chautauqua Opera Co. Concert by Leonard Warren, lectures by Denis W. Brogan and Edwin O. Reischauer. Credit students may secure Syracuse University credit. Tuition: $30 per section, three sections for $75. Syracuse credit, $34 per point. Room and board: $25 per week and up. Last year's registration: 80. For brochure, write Ruth Skinner, registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N. Y.

SYRACUSE WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of School of Journalism of Syracuse University, will meet Aug. 10-22 on the campus of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y. Founded 1956. Director: Don Tracy. Staff: Robert Root, William Severn, Sue Severn. Guest lecturer: Roland Wolseley. One to three hours' college credit, graduate or undergraduate. Tuition: $32 per credit hour. Room and board: $30 per week. Last year's enrollment, 23. For brochure, write dean, School of Journalism, Syracuse University, Syracuse 10, N. Y.

WRITERS CONFERENCE AT THE SUMMER SESSION OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, a special service to students registered in the summer session, will meet July 20-Aug. 6 in Harkness Theater, Columbia University, N. Y. Established 1951. Director: Vernon Loggins. Speakers at the 5-6 P.M. meetings: Edmund Fuller, Robert Gorham Davis, Daniel B. Dodson on July 20; Leonie Adams, Louis Simpson, July 21; Martha Foley, Margarita Smith, July 22; Caroline Gordon, July 23; Geoffrey Wagner, July 27; Frederick Prokosch, July 28; Ernest Brennecke, John Ashworth, July 29; Anna Bird Stewart, Ellen Lewis Buell, July 30; Charles Norman, Thurman Wilkins, Aug. 3; Lionel Abel, Aug. 4; Robert S. Greene, Aug. 5; Margaret Widdemer, D. V. S. Jackson, William A. Owens, Richard Bankowsky, Aug. 6. With special permission students may register for one point of credit. Tuition: free to students in Columbia writing courses. Last year's attendance: about 500. Address inquiries to Summer Session Office, 106 Low Library, Columbia University, N. Y. 27, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE at Staten Island, under auspices of Wagner College, will hold its fourth annual session July 7-17 on the Grymes Hill campus of Wagner College, Staten Island, N.Y. Founded 1956. Director: Gorham Munson. Staff: Charles Angoff (nonfiction), Hallie Southgate Burnett (short fiction), Horace Gregory (poetry), H. R. Hays (stage, radio, TV, film writing), Phyllis Whitney (juvenile writing), Sloan Wilson (novel). Guest lecturers to be announced. Coffee-table discussions, individual manuscript consultations. Alumni Weekend featuring program arranged by editors of *The Literary Review*. Stanley Award in Drama ($500) and performance of award-winning play. Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship and Prizes for juvenile writing. Daily news-bulletin, *Sea Hawk Daily*, published. Last year's registration: 60, full- and part-time, from eight states, Canada, Lebanon, India, Liberia, and Iran. Tuition: $60. All-inclusive fee for entire program, board and room; $140. For brochure, write Ethel Lambert, administrative secretary, NYC Writers Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, N.Y.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP CAMP, INC., a nonprofit institution for the arts, will run its writers' conference in three two-week sessions, starting June 28 and closing Aug. 15, to be followed by a two-week session of working alone or with visiting authors. The conference takes place at Huckleberry Mountain, Henderson, N.C. Founded 1939. Director: Evelyn G. Haynes. Staff: Lisa Grenelle (creative writing and poetry), Phillip Ketchum (writing and marketing), Helen Diehl Olds (juvenile fiction), Harry Neal (fact-writing), Nancy Henderson (creative writing), Harold Ehrensperger (drama). Three scholarship awards. Tuition: $15 per week. Room and board: $40-$55 per week. Last year's attendance: 125. For brochure, write Evelyn Haynes, director, Huckleberry Mountain Workshop Camp, Hendersonville, N.C.

ANTIOCH WRITING AND PUBLISHING SEMINAR, formerly called Antioch Writers' Conference, under the auspices of Office of Continuing Education, Antioch College, will meet Aug. 2-8 on the campus of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Founded 1957. Director: Dr. James McConkey. Staff: George P. Elliott (prose workshop), Nolan Miller (novel), Stewart Richardson (publishing), W. D. Snodgrass (poetry), Hollis Summers (prose workshop). Conference staff will be augmented by several young teacher-writers selected from college writing centers. Limited number of scholarships available. Tuition: $50. Room and board: $13 per person double room, $16 per person single room; meals available at the Antioch Union. Last year's attendance: 37 from 14 states. For brochure, write Edward R. Miller, director of Continuing Education, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O.

PORTLAND ANNUAL WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Portland Summer Session, an activity of General Extension State System of Division of Oregon Higher Education, will meet Aug. 3-14 at Portland, Ore. Founded 1958. Director: Anthony Netboy. Staff: Jessamyn West (fiction), Karl Shapiro (poetry), Evelyn S. Lampman (juvenile writing), Charles Gaupp (playwriting). Guest lecturers: Jacques Barzun, Thomas Vaughan. Part of Centennial Arts Festival. Three hours' college credit, graduate or undergraduate. Tuition: $36 for two weeks; $25 for one week. Last year's attendance: 63. For brochure, write Robert Gridley, coordinator of workshops, Portland Summer Session, 1633 S.W. Park Ave., Portland 1, Ore.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE CONFERENCE, under auspices of State Teachers College, Millersville, Pa., will meet July 13-31 in Lyte Auditorium on the campus at Millersville, Pa. Founded 1957. Director: Dr. L. S. Lingenfelter. Staff: John Ciardi (poetry), Malcolm Cowley (criticism), Richard Gehman (magazine writing), Helga Sandburg (fiction), Margaret Widdemer (fiction), Cid Ricketts Sumner (nonfiction), Shirley Watkins (criticism), John Shenk (Amish customs), Louis Jennings, Mary Brightbill. Three college credits for three weeks' supervised work optional; auditing by request. Tuition: $34-$46. Room and board: $14 per week. Last year's attendance: 66. Visitors included Carl Sandburg, Conrad Richter, Mrs. Edgar Lee Masters. For brochure, write Dr. L. S. Lingenfelter, State Teachers College, Millersville, Pa.

SOUTHERN STATES WRITING WORKSHOPS will be held July 25-Aug. 8 at Camp Cherryfield for Adults, Brevard, N.C. Established 1958. Workshops in poetry, short story, novel, drama, and nonfiction (including writing of professional papers, historical articles, criticism and feature stories). Director: Louise Blackwell. Staff: Louis DeJean, Robert Avrett, Eunice Bradley, Chalmers S. Murray. For information, write Louise Blackwell, 2301 Elliston Place, Nashville 5, Tenn.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the University, will meet June 15-June 26 on the campus of the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Stephen Spender (poetry, one week; short story one week); John Berryman (short story, one week; poetry, one week); John Cheever (novel). Annual Conference Dinner and Conference Picnic in Little Cottonwood Canyon. A few scholarships are available. College credit offered for qualified students. Tuition: $35 for two weeks; $25 for one two-week workshop; $25 for one week, all meetings; manuscript reading extra. Room and board: rooms available in Ballif Hall at $18.15 for two weeks per person in double room, $24.20 per person in single room. Last year's attendance: 68. "As usual, high attendance was proved to be consistent with maintenance of high standards." For brochure, address Brewster Ghiselin, director of the Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 12, Utah.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 12-26 at Bread Loaf, Vt. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Assistant Director: Paul Cubeta. Staff: Theodore Roethke (poetry), John F. Nims (poetry), Ralph Ellison (fiction), Nancy Hale (fiction), Hollis Summers (fiction), William Sloane (fiction), Walter M. Teller (nonfiction), William Raney (nonfiction), Richard Gehman (nonfiction), Eunice Blake (juvenile writing). Guest lecturers: Robert Frost, Richard Wilbur, William H. Upson, Theodore Morrison, Dan Wakefield. Weekly Reader Children's Book Club grant. Five fellowships (no self-nominations) and some scholarships are available. Tuition: $155-$210 inclusive of room and board for two weeks. Last year's enrollment: 174. For brochure, write Paul Cubeta, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under the joint auspices of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in America (Division of Christian Education) and the Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Assembly, will meet July 4-11 at the American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis. Founded 1948. Director: Dr. Ben Browne. Staff: Anna Rose Wright (books for children), Mary Louise Friebele (children's stories), Harry Edward Neal (books for youth), Marion Van Horne (readable writing), Elizabeth Yates (experimental writing), Harold M. Kurtz (articles), Ward S. Miller (articles), Roland E. Wolseley (articles), Marion Maeve O'Brien (TV writing), Robert Miller (TV writing), Ralph W. Seager (poetry), Bertha and Albert Johnson (drama), Marion Brawn (curriculum writing), Peter Gordon White (curriculum writing), R. Dean Goodwin (publicity), William S. Mittelstadt (photography), Berthold Jacksteit (devotional writing), Dorothy A. Stevens (missionary writing), Gilbert L. Brown, Jr. (editorial writing). Guest lecturers: Richard Holland, Pearl Rosser, Donald C. Bolles, Albert McClellan, Paul C. Allen, M. Patricia White, Edward W. Schramm. Dedication of the Christian Writing Center, a resident center for the Extension School of Christian Writing, will occur on July 5. The Extension School of Christian Writing gives an opportunity to persons attending the Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference to continue their conference experience another four weeks, during which they can write under the guidance of teachers. Academic credit (optional) will be granted by the University of Redlands, Calif. Registration fees: $15 for the first week if paid before May 1, $20 after May 1; each succeeding week, $10. Room and board: $5.50 to $6 a day; also $9 to $13.50 a day at Roger Williams Inn. Last year's enrollment: 215. For brochure, write Dr. Benjamin P. Browne, Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

EASTERN REGIONAL CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, inspired by the Green Lake Conference (see above), will hold its second session June 20-25 on the campus of Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pa. Established 1958. Director: Dr. Ben Browne. Staff: Carl H. F. Henry, Paul C. Allen, Ada Campbell Rose, Albert P. Stauderman, Edith T. Osteyee, Marion Brawn, Geoffrey O'Hara, John A. Hostetler, Berthold Jacksteit, Dorothy A. Stevens, Dorothy Clarke Wilson, Marion Van Horne, Margaret T. Applegarth, Mazelle Wildes Thomas, M. Charles Rebert. Registration: $15. Board and room: $20 ($4 a day). For information, write Dr. Benjamin P. Browne, director, Eastern Regional Christian Writers' Conference, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YORK STATE RELIGIOUS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, a regional conference inspired by the Green Lake Conference (see above), will meet in October on the campus of Syracuse University. For information, write Dr. Benjamin P. Browne, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE- TO FOUR-DAY CONFERENCES

ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, operated by the Arkansas Writers' Conference, Inc., under the sponsorship of the Arkansas Pioneer Branch, National League of American Pen-women, August Engel, Lily Peter, Mrs. B. F. Behl, Mr. W. M. Hackett, will meet June 6-8 at

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Juvenile Literature: Eunice Blake

Special Lecturers: Robert Frost, Theodore Morrison, William Hazlett Upson, Richard Wilbur, Dan Wakefield

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For writers, aspiring writers, and teachers of writing and of literature, Bread Loaf offers an intensive two weeks of lectures and workshops by professional writers. A limited number of Conference members may, on special application, submit a manuscript for individual criticism. All others attend as auditors without submission of manuscript but are free to take part in discussions, and above all to hear professionals discuss the writing process from inside the writing.

Housing facilities are limited and must be assigned to the earliest applicants.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Middlebury College, Middlebury 1, Vermont

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JUNE 22—JULY 10

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Charles E. Beckwith, Director
Los Angeles State College Los Angeles 32, Calif.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE
SUFFIELD ACADEMY
SUFFIELD, Conn.
July 26th to August 1st

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SHORT STORY:	Shirley Jackson
POETRY:	William Jay Smith • Louis Untermeyer
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GUEST LECTURER:	Warren Weaver

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July 6 through August 14, 1959
PROFESSIONAL WRITING COURSES

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WRITERS CONFERENCE
July 20 to August 6

Speakers will include the above instructors as well as other writers, editors, publishers, writers' agents, and representatives of radio and television. Among the guest speakers will be:

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13th Season—July 6-July 24, 1959

Staff: Walter Spearman, director, Non-Fiction; Margaret Widdemer, Fiction; Robert Francis, poetry.

Single course, $30; three courses, $75. Lower rates for auditors. Academic credit through Syracuse University.

Workshop members have swimming, boating, fishing privileges in Lake Chautauqua. Full Chautauqua program includes concerts by Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra; plays by Cleveland Playhouse; operas by Chautauqua Opera Company; concert by Leonard Warren; Amphitheater lecture series by D. W. Brogan, author of "The American Character," and Edwin O. Reischauer, author of "The U.S. and Japan."

for bulletin write:
Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools
Chautauqua, N. Y.

26th Writer's Conference in the Rocky Mountains
JULY 20-AUGUST 7

Novel ..... A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Virginia Sorensen
Non-Fiction ..... Stewart Holbrook
Short Story ..... William Peden
Poetry ..... Walker Gibson
Juvenile Writing .... Shannon Garst, Virginia Sorensen
TV Drama ..... Ellingwood Kay
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Write to Margaret Robb, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

Second Annual
EASTERN REGIONAL CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE
St. Davids, Pa. **June 20 to 25**
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1703 Chestnut Street Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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Green Lake, Wisconsin July 4 to 11

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Evelyn Sibley Lampman—Juveniles
Dr. Charles Gaupp—Playwriting
Anthony Netboy—Articles (Conf. Director)

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July 7—July 17

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June 22—July 31 — 3 units of credit

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Hardison Hall, Petit Jean Mountain, near Marrilton, Ark. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarborough. Staff: Manly Wade Wellman (prose), Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni (poetry). Guest lecturers: Uarda Garrett, Lily Peter, Marjorie Fleming, Edsel Ford, Amy Ball, Fred Starr, Marguerite Turner, Janie Hendrix, Roberta Martin, Will Counts, Doyle Herron. Prize contest, various cash awards. Registration fee: $1 per day. Room and board: dormitory beds, 75¢ a night; meals $3.50 a day. Last year's attendance: about 200. Address inquiries to Anna Nash Yarborough, 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

OZARK WRITERS-ARTISTS POW-WOW (Ozark Writers-Artists Guild) will meet May 29-31 at Basin Park Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark. Founded 1955. Director: Cora Pinkley-Call. Staff: Mrs. Bessie Heck, Lida Wilson Pyles, James T. Richmond, Dr. Bonnie Lila Crump, Glenn Swedlun, Dr. George Rassman, Rosa Marinoni. Registration fee: $2. Room and board: $5-$10 per day. Last year's attendance: 65. For information, write Cora Pinkley-Call or Dr. Bonnie Lila Crump, Eureka Springs, Ark.

CALIFORNIA WRITERS CONFERENCE, sponsored by the California Writers Club in cooperation with the *Oakland Tribune* and Oakland Chamber of Commerce, met April 9-11 at the Hotel Claremont, Oakland-Berkeley Hills, Calif. Founded 1955. General chairman: Lee Edson, president of California Writers Club. Attendance for 1958 reported at 2,000. Brochure obtainable from California Writers Conference, c/o Oakland Chamber of Commerce, 1320 Webster St., Oakland 12, Calif.

WASHINGTON, D.C., WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet May 7-9 at the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D.C. Founded 1958. Director: Irving Leiberman. Speakers: Mrs. Thelma Thompson Slayden, Walter T. Crandall, Grace S. Yaukey, John J. Pugh, M. B. Schnapper, Frederick Reinstein, John J. McHale, Katharine Kennedy, Rev. William J. Phillips, Summerfield J. McCarteney. Prizes: $100 and manuscript criticism. Rates: $10 per day on May 8 and 9; $15 on May 7. Last year's attendance: 122. For announcement, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

MCKENDREE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of McKendree College, met on April 18 at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. Address inquiries regarding 1960 conference to Dr. Mildred Silver, McKendree Writers' Conference, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

CHICAGO WRITERS' CONFERENCE was held on April 17-18 at the Allerton Hotel, Chicago, Ill. For information regarding 1960 conference write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hippodrome Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of William Allen White School of Journalism and University of Kansas Extension, will meet June 23-26 at Lawrence, Kan. Founded 1948. Director: Professor Frances Grinstead. Staff: Virginia Sorensen (novel, juvenile writing), Betty Finnin (short story), Bernice Slote (poetry), Bob Wormington (TV writing), Howard Turtle (nonfiction). Tuition: $30 (includes some manuscript criticism). Room: $5 single, $7 double. Last year's enrollment: 40. For brochure, write Professor Frances Grinstead, 203 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by the Ocean Park Association, will meet Aug. 26-29 at Ocean Park, Maine. Founded 1941. Director: Sheldon Christian. Staff: Beulah Fenderson Smith (poetry), Dorothy Clark Wilson (drama, juveniles), David Woodbury (articles), Herbert Rawlins (articles), Lew Dietz (articles), William E. Harris (consultant). Guest speakers: Marie Peary Stafford, Marian Bradford Rowe. Authors' Reception and Tea; Poetry Tournament; Article Contest. Registration fee: $1.50 per day. Last year's attendance: 75. Address inquiries to Miss Mildred Thomas, 26 Randall Ave., Ocean Park, Me.

MICHIGAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of Michigan, will meet May 21-22 at Ann Arbor, Mich. Founded 1953. Director: Donald Hall. Staff: Walter Kidd (fiction), Sheridan Baker (poetry), instructor in juvenile writing to be named. Guest speakers: Howard Nemerov, Naomi Burton. Tuition: free, fee for mss. reading. Last year's attendance: 100. For information, write Donald Hall, 2621 Haven Hall, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

DETROIT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, will be held Aug. 21-22 at Crowley-Milner Department Store, Detroit, Mich. Founded 1956. Director: Irving Leiberman. Speakers to be announced. Prizes. Rates: $10 a day. Last year's attendance: 106. For information, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland, O.

MID WEST SILVER LAKE WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 19-23 at Oak Haven, Fairmont, Minn. Founded 1953. Director: P. Evans Coleman. Staff: Margaret Durant, Dr. Margaret Ball Dickson, Prof. Sandberg, Margaret Oppen, June Richards. Guest lecturer: John G. Neihardt. Poetry Contest. Tuition: $17.50. Room and board: $2.50-$4.50 per day. Last year's attendance: 25. For information, write P. Evans Coleman, Route 3, Fairmont, Minn.

MISSISSIPPI SOUTHERN COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, in conjunction with the Southern Literary Festival, held its first session April 23-25 at Mississippi Southern College, Hattiesburg, Miss. Chairman: Charles Moorman. Staff: John Ciardi (poetry), Hollis Summers (fiction), Robert Corrigan (drama), Clifton J. Allen (nonfiction). Tuition: $7.50. For brochure, write Charles Moorman, head, Department of English, Mississippi Southern College, Hattiesburg, Miss.

DRURY COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by Drury College Adult Education Program with the cooperation of the Department of English, held its tenth annual session Mar. 20-21 at Springfield, Mo. Founded 1950. Director: Adelaide H. Jones. Staff: Loula Grace Erdman (novel), Winston Weathers (short story), Edith McCall (juvenile), Edsel Ford (poetry), Nadine Mills Coleman (articles). Attendance in 1958: 214. For brochure, write Adelaide H. Jones, Writers' Conference, Drury College, Springfield, Mo.

EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 25-27 at Portales, N. M. Founded 1952. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: H. Grady Moore (poetry), B. June West (juvenile writing), Jack Schaefer, and two others to be announced. $200 in awards. One hour's university credit. "Our workshop has grown from around 60 to well over 100. We combine an informal atmosphere with academic." Tuition: $12.50. Last year's attendance: 108. Address inquiries to Dr. E. Debs Smith, director, Eastern New Mexico Writers' Workshop, Portales, N.M.

NEW YORK WRITERS' CONFERENCE will be held Nov. 6-7 at a New York City hotel to be announced. Founded 1957. Director: Irving Leiberman. Speakers to be announced. For information, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

CLEVELAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet June 19-20 at the Higbee Department Store, Cleveland, O. Founded 1952. Director: Irving Leiberman. Speakers to be announced. Prizes. Rates: $10 per day. Last year's attendance, 147. For brochure, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

CINCINNATI WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Sept. 11-12 at the Netherlands-Hilton Hotel. Director: Irving Leiberman. Speakers to be announced. Prizes. Rates: $10 per day. For information, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 8-10 at School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla. Founded 1938. Directors: Foster-Harris and Dwight V. Swain. Staff: Stewart Harral (nonfiction), Robert Amussen (novel), Florence Brillbart (religious markets), Mary Agnes Thompson (short story), Wayne Mote (men's magazines), Ennen Reaves Hall (confession), Elizabeth Riley (juvenile writing), Bess Mae Sheets (poetry). Guest lecturers: Victor Weybright, Timothy Seldes, Paul R. Reynolds. A demonstration, "How Movies Are Made," will be given by the University of Oklahoma Motion

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP

8TH ANNUAL, July 27-Aug. 7—STAFF: Robert Francis, James Still, Harry Harrison Kroll, Peggy Simson Curry, Hollis Summers, Harvey Curtis Webster, & others. SUBJECTS: poetry, fiction, nonfiction, poet's theatre. PROGRAM: workshops, conferences, group sessions, lectures. FEES: tuition, $15 per week; room, $3 per week. WRITE: **Albert Stewart, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.**

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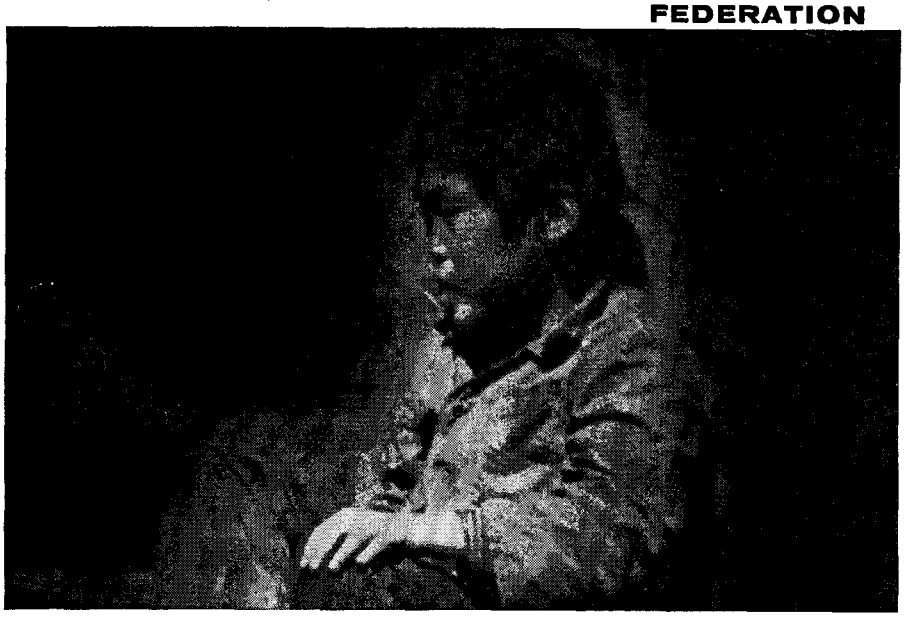

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Lieutenant Jackson shivered. The harsh Korean winter wind penetrated the thickness of his army overcoat. He held up his hand to protect his face from the biting cold and made a dash for the protection of a wall at the side of the road. As he felt his way along the wall in the darkness, he stumbled over a soft bundle. The bundle moved and a little voice cried out in the night, "Hey, watch out, Mister!"

The bundle that spoke turned out to be a little Korean boy, about 7, who explained that his name was Ho Song and he was huddled against the wall because it was the warmest place he knew in Seoul.

Lieutenant Jackson picked up the youngster and carried him to the camp kitchen. The cook gave him a cup of hot soup and thick slices of bread which the little fellow devoured like a starved animal.

That night, the cook and the Lieutenant put a cot behind the kitchen stove where for the first time in his life, Ho Song slept within warm walls.

In the days that followed, the Lieutenant became fast friends with Ho Song and his little Korean playmates. Inevitably, however, it came time for Lieutenant Jackson to leave Seoul and return to the U.S.A. But his departure did not mean the end of his friendship with Korean children.

A friend across the sea

Home in the U.S.A., Lieutenant Jackson and his fiancée arranged to sponsor a Korean child through Save the Children Federation. They found that a little child across the sea would receive supplementary food, warm clothing, new shoes, household articles and some cash through an SCF Sponsorship. And correspondence with the child through SCF meant hope and encouragement.

The Lieutenant who was on the scene in Korea and knows the needs of so many, many little children says, "Every American who possibly can should give a helping hand. Our sponsorship through SCF has given a Korean child an added chance in this world, and we have made a lifelong friend not only for ourselves but for the democratic way of life."

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Picture Unit. Tuition: $15. Room: $2 per night. Last year's attendance, 300. For brochure, write Dwight V. Swain, School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, Norman.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of a number of writers' clubs in the Philadelphia area, will hold its eleventh annual conference June 17-19 at the Sylvania Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa. Founded 1949. President: Walter M. Breish. Staff: William Seibel (TV and radio), Lewis Nachod (basic problems), Cecelia Gray (confessions), Dean Sims (articles), Barbara Bates (juvenile writing), Merrill Root (poetry), Katherine Bregy (drama), Edward D. Fulweiler (religious writing), Pauline Bloom (short story), David Taylor (historic writing), Lee Windham (juvenile writing), Dr. Austin J. App (fiction), Lester Del Ray (science fiction), William E. Harris (consultant). Guest lecturers to be announced. Banquet. After-supper workshops. Manuscript contests. Scholarships. Tuition: $2 registration; $3 for each two-day workshop; $2 for evening lecture. Last year's attendance: 150. For brochure, write Emma S. Wood, Registrar, Box 897, Philadelphia 5.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Department, University of Pittsburgh. No information received on 1959 session. Founded 1948. Address inquiries to Edwin L. Peterson, director, Western Pennsylvania Conference for Readers and Writers, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

PITTSBURGH WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet July 10-11 at a Pittsburgh hotel to be announced. Founded 1958. Director: Irving Leiberman. Speakers to be announced. Prizes. Rates: $10 per day. Last year's attendance: 65. For information, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland 15, O.

WRITERS ROUND-UP, under auspices of English Department of West Texas State College, will meet June 1-5 at West Texas State College, Canyon, Tex. Founded 1950. Director: A. K. Knott. Staff: Louis Grace Erdman, David Hanig, Lewis Nordike, Laurence Chinn, Al Dewlan, Dick Spencer III, Patty Bivins, Paul L. Heard, Lowell Harrison, George de Schweinitz. Three semester hours' credit. Prizes. Registration fee: $10. Room and board at regular college rate. Last year's enrollment: 50. For brochure, write A. K. Knott, head, English Department, West Texas State College, Canyon, Tex.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of The Byliners, will meet June 13-16 after a lapse of one year at the Robert Driscoll Hotel, Corpus Christi, Tex. Founded 1944. Director: Dee Woods. Staff: Charles Ferguson, Harrison Smith, John Ciardi, Fred Gipson, Harnett Kane, Lon Tinkle, W. McCormick, Dr. Carroll, Ruel McDaniel, Garland Roark, Dr. W. P. Webb, L. Giacomini, Frank Wardlow, Walt Wiggins, Laura V. Hamner, J. M. Tatton, W. A. Stigler, Lily Peter, and others. $1,000 in prizes. For brochure, write Reva Gregg, Secretary, Southwest Writers Conference, 308 Katherine Drive, Corpus Christi, Tex.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' INSTITUTE will meet July 7-8 at the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. Founded 1929. President: Faith Prias. Program not yet fixed; will have about 10 guest speakers. No fee. Last year's attendance: 100. For information, address Faith Prias, president, League of Vermont Writers, 22 Lafayette Place, Burlington, Vt.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST INTERNATIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet July 30-Aug. 1 on the campus of the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. Founded 1956. President: Donald H. Clark. Staff: Kramer Adams (conservation and outdoor writing), Robert Schulman (TV and radio writing), Nelson Bently (poetry), Al Salisbury (nonfiction), Howard Brier (juvenile writing), Kenneth Dodson (novel), Frank R. Pierce (short stories), Nancy Davidson (articles). Guest lecturers: James Warner Bellah, Dr. Allan Nevins, Nard Jones. Autograph Tea. Banquet. Tuition: $14. Room: $2 double, $3 single. Last year's attendance: 260. For brochure, write Short Courses and Conferences, University of Washington.

WRITERS FLOATING WORKSHOP, sponsored by American-Foreign Travel Associates, plans two six-day cruise trips on the *Queen of Bermuda*. The dates are June 27 and July 10. Instructor: Pauline Bloom. This is the third season for the Writers Floating Workshop. Irving Leiberman plans to revive the Bermuda Holiday Writers' Conference this year, July 18-26, and the American-Foreign Travel Assn. will act for it in a travel agency capacity. Otherwise there is no connection between the two workshops. For information about the Writers Floating Workshop, address Fay Oppenheim, American-Foreign Travel Assn., 34 S. Clinton St., Doylestown, Pa. For information about the Bermuda Holiday Writers' Conference, write Irving Leiberman, 565 Hipp Annex, Cleveland, O.

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Specter of Forgotten Ecstasies

***"The Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battle," by J. Glenn Gray** (Harcourt, Brace. 242 pp. $3.95), cuts deeply into the tissue of the soldier to expose the nature of his hate, his compassion, his courage, and cowardice. These are some of the questions that were also considered by Ira Wolfert in his novel "An Act of Love."*

By Ira Wolfert

PROFESSOR J. GLENN GRAY, now chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Colorado College, is a World War II soldier who is "afraid to forget" what he went through.

He explains his fear of forgetting in this fashion:

> . . . we human creatures do not forget cleanly, as the animals presumably do. What protrudes and does not fit in our pasts rises to haunt us and make us spiritually unwell in the present . . . We may become refugees in an inner sense unless we remember to some purpose.

It's easy to see what he means at the American Legion conventions. I bumped into one last fall at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. There they were, desperate men whooping and cavorting, drumming and prancing, blowing horns, ringing bells like a tribe gathered together by witch doctors. But the witch doctoring only knocked out the patients, not the "ha'nts."

At five o'clock in the morning my ex-war ex-buddy was still laughing when he was poured off the elevator to go to his $40 suite. Once he had been a pale and passionate young David with a gun. Now he's coated with fat that he makes red and tough on expensive golf courses and clips his brains from the editorial columns of *The Chicago Tribune*.

But those are long corridors upstairs at the Sherman. They are long, dim, softly carpeted tunnels. By five o'clock in the morning a night's dust has gathered in them. The tunnel to your bed is so long that your whiskey gets out ahead of you. You try to keep up with it, but you're tired at that hour. Your whiskey is still full of juice, but you're not, and finally it gets so far ahead that you walk on without it, on and on in the soft, silent emptiness in the middle of a world that makes no sound you can hear. Dust enters and enfolds you. It is very slight, only the beginning of dust, but you feel it. You feel that you are in a womb in which dust has gathered. The walls of the womb are hard and unyielding.

"You having fun?" My ex-war ex-buddy had turned to face the wall and was asking it the question everybody had asked each other all night. The wall did not answer. "Aah," he said and hit the wall. The wall knocked him down. He lay there astonished. his whole face agape with surprise. For a moment the red, tough fat on his face was so thinned out I could see through it, and there was the pale young David I had known looking out at me again as from some smothering deep. But it wasn't passionate any more, just terrified. It haunted the red face in which it lay, but so did that red face haunt it.

If I had known about Professor Gray's book, I would have given it to him then. But the book is just now published. All I could do was help the man to his feet and start him laughing again.

"How often I wrote in my war journals," the professor writes, "that unless that day had some positive significance for my future life, it could not possibly be worth the pain that it cost."

So he pondered through the years of peace all the days of his war. Why do soldiers forget what for a moment had seemed to burn them unforgettably? From whence spring the enduring ecstasies of war: "the satisfaction of the astonishing . . . the delight in seeing, the delight in comradeship, the delight in destruction?" He saw the soldiers grabbing souvenirs, asked himself why, and compared those soldiers' actions with Spinoza's "striving to persevere in our own being." He noted that "the shallow nature is not easily able to view his naked existence, since part of his being is having." However, he noted also that "many a soldier has been surprised to discover the desire to continue in being as a final hold and support, after superhuman exertion and mental strain had robbed him of conscious will, and any religious faith he may have possessed had ceased to be meaningful."

IS THIS "striving to persevere in being" merely a fancy way of denoting the instinct for self-preservation? Oh no. it is not that at all, for it also includes the instinct to achieve immortality, which has driven so many soldiers to die readily, fearlessly.

Why did they hate harder in the rear areas than at the front, and hardest of all at home? What is the nature of hate in war, of courage, of cowardice? What did the warriors try to get from women? These are the sort

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BACK TO BEGINNINGS

The poems listed in Column One below are all popular and familiar anthology-pieces. Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, asks you to rescue them from these repositories, and restore them to their original contexts, by matching up, in Column Two, the scrambled titles of the books in which they first appeared. Answers on page 34.

1. "Brahma," Emerson	( ) "The Waif"
2. "Rose Aylmer," Landor	( ) "Home Ballads and Poems"
3. "Dover Beach," Arnold	( ) "What's O'Clock"
4. "Richard Cory," Robinson	( ) "May Day"
5. "She Walks in Beauty," Byron	( ) "Dramatis Personae"
6. "Lilacs," Amy Lowell	( ) "New Found Land"
7. "The Darkling Thrush," Hardy	( ) "Hesperides"
8. "The Garden of Proserpine," Swinburne	( ) "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth"
9. "Skipper Ireson's Ride," Whittier	( ) "The Children of the Night"
10. "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Browning	( ) "New Poems"
11. "You, Andrew Marvell," MacLeish	( ) "Hebrew Melodies"
12. "Delight in Disorder," Herrick	( ) "Simonidea"
13. "The Day Is Done," Longfellow	( ) "Poems and Ballads"
14. "Lucifer in Starlight," Meredith	( ) "Poems of the Past and the Present"

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of things dreamt of in Professor Gray's philosophy. He got around to all the big questions, the questions every ex-soldier knows are relevant to his battle experience. The result is a profound and simple book about war unlike any other I have read. It is beautiful on every page in its concern for the human spirit and reveals that spirit with the luminous clarity of a Greek.

I found myself picking quarrels with the professor along the way. For instance, he writes that "surely the menace of new and more frightful wars is not entirely unrelated to our failure to understand . . . If we could gain only a modicum of greater wisdom concerning what manner of men we are, what effect might it not have on future events?" He believes, as any soldier must learn in the comradeship of his unit in battle, that men are brothers. But the professor believes, too, that we will create a brotherhood in which to live together only when we understand in ourselves that we are brothers. I do not believe we can ever understand we are brothers until we create a brotherhood that will teach us this.

But the quarrels do not matter. In fact, they are part of the joy of this book. I shall urge it on every ex-soldier I know. And if there is ever another war I shall put it in the cake boxes I send to the young men I love. Reading "The Warriors" is like sitting in sunlight and learning what it has learned of darkness and tragedy.

Every Minute Was an Enemy

"The Marauders," by Charleton Ogburn, Jr. *(Harper. 296 pp. $4.50), tracking through Burma's mud and blood, numbered in their ranks both Galahads and brutes. This account of their ordeal is "one of the classics of World War II," says military historian Lynn Montross, who has contributed many articles on warfare to the Encyclopedia Britannica.*

By Lynn Montross

BRAVERY, larceny, and incipient mutiny—all three were prominent in the brief but violent odyssey of the 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional), USA, better known as Merrill's Marauders. The story of their 600-mile fighting march through northern Burma's jungles and mountains is told vividly by a participant, Charleton Ogburn, Jr., in one of the classics of World War II.

At the Quebec Conference of August 1943 it was decided to send an American regiment trained for jungle warfare to the newly created United Nations Southeast Asia Command. Although several such regiments already existed, the directive specified that only volunteers for "a dangerous and hazardous mission" could be accepted. Hence the three battalions were eventually made up of a motley assortment from the Caribbean Defense Command, from Stateside training camps, and from battle-hardened divisions in the South Pacific.

One of the oldest of old army games, as any veteran can attest, consists of getting rid of undesirables by inflicting them on some other outfit. This may explain why so many of the "volunteers" were in a resentful mood. "An assemblage of less tractable soldiers I had never seen," recalls Ogburn, a second lieutenant at the time. But he adds judiciously that there were patriots and idealists as well as yardbirds, so that the unit's secret code name GALAHAD wasn't altogether inappropriate.

Upon arrival in India for unit training the mixed elements were reshuffled several times. Meanwhile, the 5307th earned a reputation for indiscipline. On Christmas Eve the "live-now-and-pay-later" types marched off in a body and flagged down an express train to Bombay. The ensuing binge was so monumental as to inspire these lines:

The Five-Three-Oh-Seventh Comp.
Unit, Provisional,
Sinned on a scale that was super-
Divisional.

Sgt. Dave Richardson, a *Yank* correspondent, gave the Marauders their nickname shortly after Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill took command. The 3,000 men moved up to the front early in 1944. In February they began the march that continued with few and brief interludes until the end of May.

The Marauders fought five major and seventeen minor actions, according to their Distinguished Unit citation, and helped to drive the Japanese from an area the size of Connecticut. The hundred-day campaign is described from all available documentary sources as well as personal recol-

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lections. Good maps and photographs support the text.

Few regiments in American history have ever undergone such hardships. Malaria and dysentery weakened men plagued by insects, leeches, and poisonous snakes. Mountain chill and rain proved almost as debilitating as jungle heat. "Every minute was an enemy to be outlived," comments Ogburn; "the hours were days and the weeks lifetimes. . . . [It] would have been utterly unbearable had there been any alternative to bearing it."

Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, who disliked nearly everybody, was in turn hated by the Marauders. They blamed the theatre commander for pushing the exhausted outfit so hard that it disintegrated at the moment of victory. For after accomplishing the "impossible" by a surprise cross-country march ending in the capture of the strategic Myitkyiana airfield, the Marauders were spent and demoralized—too riddled by battle and nonbattle casualties to function any longer as a unit. And in the summer of 1944 the 5307th was deactivated.

"There was not even a final formation," writes Ogburn as the epitaph to a magnificent if sometimes mutinous body of fighting men. "The outfit had simply trickled away."

Criminal Record

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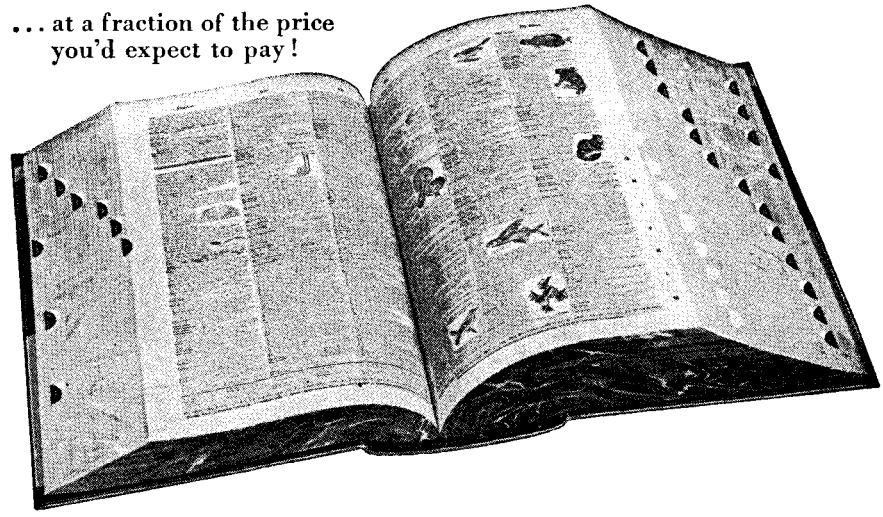

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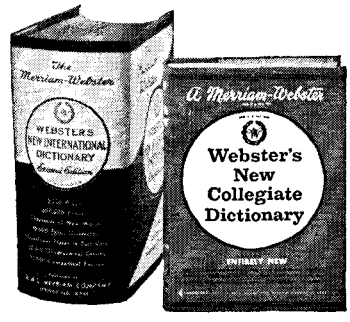

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Foreign Sets

Continued from page 19

Brotherhood and the Russians align. The climax comes with the Cairo riots which led to the symbolic burning of Shepheard's Hotel. The plot is all: it is venturesome and should not be revealed. Miss Vatsek, quoting St. Luke, doesn't blame: each is acting out his belief and destiny. Yet the characters, good and bad, British and Egyptian, balance too neatly.

When politics is examined, characterization vanishes. It is as if we have a roomful of ghostly Alsops sitting and talking with one another.

The writing is often awkward and careless. Heroines, I suppose, must have "long snowy torsos," orientals "oriental eyes," and Russian diplomats "hard jaws and hard smiles." But what of eyes "like yellow Bourbon"? The dialect also is unfailingly eccentric.

At the last, although Miss Vatsek is sympathetic and understanding, she really has no sharp point of view, and her effort at fairness smoothes down the jaggedness of violence. Still, if the reader cannot truly claim to know what blew up in Egypt, he has had a satisfyingly good adventure.

TEST OF FAITH: The martyrdom of steadfast Christians has so long been grist for the mill of fiction that one might suppose only chaff remained. But Yoshiro Nagayo's **"The Bronze Christ"** (translated by Kenzoh Yada and Henry P. Ward; Taplinger, $3.50) casts a novelty over the familiar by dealing with the persecution of Christians in mid-seventeenth-century Japan—a repression as political and extravagant as the medieval European treatment of Jews.

Christians were discovered by spies and by requiring suspected Japanese to tread on crucifixes or religious pictures. Such a test was devised by an apostatic Italian priest who figures in this somewhat melodramatic story about the casting of a bronze Christ for greater durability in treading.

The statue is the single work of the hero, Yusa, who models it upon a fused image of the Christian girl he loves in vain, a prostitute who resembles her, and a Christian "elder." It turns out too well, and he is executed for being a Christian. Ironically, he is not a Christian. He is rather the artist searching for inspiration, and the anachronistic talk of "nihilism" and "Satanism" suggests the theme. The idealistic artist is repressed by authority, deluged by uncongenial Western styles, and incapable of the belief necessary for art.

The characters come to life in inverse proportion to their degree of faith. Yusa, the apostatic priest, a malicious printmaker, and the prostitute have an ironic and somewhat murky attractiveness. The Christians are beatifically inane. In general, the story and the translation improve as things get on with hair-raisingly detailed descriptions of torture and fine evocations of scene. The disposition of character, plot, and emphasis is highly uncertain—the fate of many a novella. But the work has considerable force in its tonal astringency, and it is good to have in English this 1923 work. —EARL MINER.

PIGS AND PEARLS: In the Odyssey, Homer mentions Elpenor only briefly and even then with disfavor: when the witch Circe transformed the companions of Ulysses into animals, each becoming the beast best suited to his character, Elpenor was turned into a pig. Restored to human form, he died in a fall from Circe's terrace while sleeping off a drunk. Of this wretch, Giraudoux decided to make a mock-epic hero, "the Chaplin of the Odyssey," a kind of sadsack of antiquity, upsetting by his clumsiness both fate and the plot of Homer's story, which had been traditional for 3,000 years! The tale is as brilliant as one would expect: **"Elpenor"** (translated by Richard Howard with Renaud Bruce; Noonday, $3; paper, $1.25) is a trifle, but it is a delightful one.

We are told that "the book is written in the great novelist and playwright's later style." Actually, it is an early work; first published in 1919, thus placing in a tie for fifth among Giraudoux's twenty-nine books; and it has the faults one would expect from an early work. Giraudoux's erudition, although considerable, was anything but dry; yet here it is too self-conscious: one cannot fully appreciate "Elpenor" without having Homer's text (with which Giraudoux takes hilarious liberties) at one's elbow. And his imagination is here too abundant, too extravagant, without always adding up to much; we have the pearls, but not a necklace.

Giraudoux remained to the end a precious, and even a precocious writer: quick, clever, adroit, eager to please, and evidently brilliant. But he also, in his later plays, rose to the grandeur of classical Athenian tragedy—while "Elpenor" is like some fragile Alexandrian idyll. Slight, no doubt, but enchanting, and, I am sure, one of the most charming books the year will see. —J. L.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 13, 9, 6, 1, 10, 11, 12, 14, 4, 3, 5, 2, 8, 7.

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FOREIGN SETS: IN FACT

Mysterious, Exotic, and Remote

The sloe-eyed world of Southeast Asia and the Southwest Pacific provides the set for ***"Paradise in Trust," by Robert Trumbull*** *(Sloane. 222 pp. $3.50),* ***"The Little World of Laos," by Oden Meeker*** *(Scribners. 256 pp. $4.50),* ***"The Sawbwa and His Secretary: My Burmese Reminiscences," by C. Y. Lee*** *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 245 pp. $3.75), and* ***"Flowering Lotus: A View of Java," by Harold Forster*** *(Longmans, Green. 281 pp. $5.75). Jeanne S. Mintz, who appraises their value, is a specialist on Southeast Asian affairs and currently program director of the Asia Society.*

By JEANNE S. MINTZ

DESPITE the increased number of American tourists in Asia and the tens of thousands of American officials—quiet, noisy, ugly, and beautiful—who have served there over the past decade, the countries and peoples of that part of the world still remain for most Americans mysterious, exotic, and remote. Now we have four new books, three on Southeast Asia, one on the Southwest Pacific, which help to make these fascinating parts of the East a little less inscrutable.

"Paradise in Trust: A Report on Americans in Micronesia, 1946-1958," by Robert Trumbull, deals with the area which is probably least familiar to the average American today. As its subtitle indicates, the book is an account of the impact of American policy on the lives of the peoples of the Marshalls, the Marianas, and the Carolines, those palm-lined atolls which once claimed a major share of our headlines and since V-J Day have been largely ignored by all except those who bear immediate responsibility for their administration. Trumbull, a veteran reporter for *The New York Times,* is an experienced and competent journalist and his highly readable book is packed with essential information on the political, social, and economic development of the island peoples. Along with his sketches of the islanders themselves, Trumbull presents pictures of some extremely attractive Americans hard at work helping the peoples of the trust territories adjust to the awesome transitions thrust upon them. This is a thoughtful account of what under our tutelage is happening to the thousands of Pacific islanders for whom we have assumed temporary responsibility.

A few weeks ago when the Laotian Government's decision to renounce the Geneva agreements of 1954 hit the front pages, most readers had to consult their atlases to find out that Laos is one of the states carved out of what was once Indo-China. Having done so, they are at least aware of the vital strategic position conferred upon Laos by sheer geography: backed up against the southern tip of China and flanked on the east by Ho Chi Minh's North Vietnam, Laos is just one more example of the current phenomenon of international crises erupting in lands which few Americans know exist. Oden Meeker's "The Little World of Laos" should help to introduce that beleaguered kingdom to a wide audience. Meeker, who spent a year in Laos as director of the CARE mission, has written a lively story of his experiences there and in the neighboring countries of Thailand and Cambodia. His chapters on Laotian history and culture are of special interest because the ground he covers is so little known outside the circles of experts. It is disappointing, however, that Meeker is so preoccupied with the hardships of his own daily existence that one wonders if he will ever get past his complaints about the inadequate accommodations at the hotel in Vientiane and elsewhere to tell us something about the Laotians and how *they* live. Indeed, the Laotians one finally does meet in his pages fail to come alive as individuals but remain almost caricatures, albeit charming ones, of the mysterious Oriental. Nevertheless, the book has much to recommend it.

C. Y. Lee's stories of his life in one of the Shan states on the China-Burma border in the early 1940s, "The Sawbwa and His Secretary," depict a way of life equally as alien to most Americans as that of Laos, but Lee's characters are human beings, alive and real whatever their personal or

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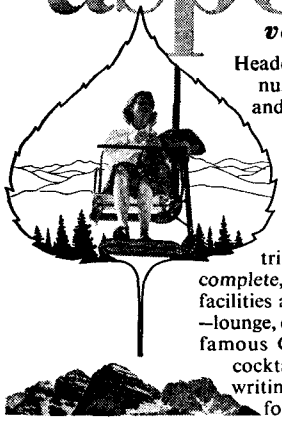

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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cultural eccentricities. These tales, several of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*, are vastly entertaining sketches of the life that flourished in the tribal enclaves of the Shan tribes, shaken but not fundamentally altered as yet by the incursion of the Burma Road. Lee, author of the "Flower Drum Song," presents his sometimes startling Shan neighbors in a pleasantly low-keyed fashion, from the Sawbwa, with his determined if rather unusual efforts to modernize his state, to the local girls, who have an opportunity to pick their husbands through a highly ritualized kind of pillow-fight.

"The Flowering Lotus: A View of Java," by Harold Forster, offers a good survey of Javanese culture, written with considerable warmth and insight. Forster is an Englishman who recently spent four years in Jogjakarta teaching English at the local university and soaking up as much as he could of Javanese music, theatre, dance, and history. He has woven what he learned into an interesting and informative book, touching on many of the religious beliefs and customs of the Javanese people, as well as the arts of modern Java. Forster makes no pretense of writing a basic guide to present-day Indonesia but he does provide the Western reader with a valuable introduction to the people of this most populous island of the largest country in Southeast Asia. He touches only glancingly on politics, which is fortunate, since his few excursions into this area, where he admits his ignorance, are riddled with inaccuracies.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 827

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 827 will be found in the next issue.

N ABC'D DEFCGHFDI

JK BLC MBCOICNICMI

NCDB BDPIE QIBQHI'G

ARDNIG.

—IHNBD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 826

The highest price we can pay for anything, is to ask it.

—W. S. LANDOR.

Editorial

Continued from page 20

and water into gleaming and wondrous towers. Not enough to convert fluids into fabrics. Not enough to convert the invisible atom into an infinity of power. Not enough to convert the rush of water into the whirling fantasy of the dynamo and thence into the magic impulses that banish darkness or turn wheels or carry images and voices over empty space.

What is most needed now is to apply the human conversion skills to those things that are now most essential for his survival. Man has to convert facts into logic, free will into purpose, conscience into decision. He has to convert historical experience into a design for a sane world. He has to convert the vast processes of education into those ideas that can make this globe safe for the human diversity. And he will have to learn how to convert the individual morality into a group ethic.

Our lack of conversion skills in these respects has converted us into paupers. The plenty produced by our scientific and physical skills has not relieved the poverty of our purposes. The only thing greater than our power is our insecurity. All our resources and all our wealth are not enough to protect us against the effects of irrational ideas and acts on the world stage. It makes little difference how magnificent are our new buildings or how impressive are our private kingdoms. If no answer is found to war, all men will die poor.

The library—and the term is used here as symbolic of the universe of knowledge, systematic and unsystematic both—the library can be a strong part of the new conversion process. It can furnish the basic materials that must go into the making of the new purposes and designs.

Some people may take the fatalistic view and say it is too late. They may say that man cannot possibly develop the comprehension necessary to deal with change in the modern world, that he will require many centuries before his conversion skills can be developed as they now need to be developed in the cause of human survival.

But there is a larger view of man, one that history is prepared to endorse. This view holds that the great responses already exist inside man and that they need only to be invoked to become manifest. For man is infinitely malleable, infinitely perfectible, infinitely capacious. It is the privilege of anyone in a position of leadership to appeal to these towering possibilities. —N. C.

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. . . Obituary?

Continued from page 11

with the simple formula of reporting everything from the arrival of buyers to the tax troubles of Afghanistan. But it could be that the continued steady growth of the *Times* reflects not this so much as the new practice of digging under the surface of events for their cause and direction and probable result.

It is true that this kind of news, and also writing the news so as to convey its dramatic impact rather than hitting the reader with the whole story in the first paragraph and then letting it peter out in repetition of details, might take extra space. But a handful of such stories a day would be worth the added newsprint. And surely this could be more than compensated for by compressing routine news into from one-half to one-tenth the space wasted on it now.

To be sure some newspapermen get their backs up over this soft-news, reporting-in-depth, approach. They say with truth that the tremendous achievement of American journalism in the century after 1830 was to separate the news from the writer's feelings about the news. Doing this gives the reader an unprejudiced account of what is going on. And the critics will tell you that once you depart from this ascetic standard, by presenting background facts and overtones, you're in interpretive reporting. And that, apparently, is bad.

The analytical report should not be attempted by anyone who has not been disciplined in objective reporting, in learning to keep himself and his opinions out of what he is writing. But once he has learned that, he should be ready for interpretive reporting. And this is far from being a retrogression into opinion. For it does not mean proving a point or making an argument. It means only that in today's anfractuous world we have to go beyond the superficial and attributable opinions into underlying causes and meanings.

It means, for example, going beneath the deadpan view that one senator's demagoguery is the equal of another senator's statesmanship. But it means not just saying this in so many words, which might indeed be opinion. Instead it means spading up the background for every relevant fact, in the spirit of the scientist, to reveal as much as possible of the truth.

Interpretive reporting, in short, is merely thorough reporting. It is no different from what good reporting has always been, except that it deals with subjects that are abstruse or complex by the old standards. One might say that interpretive reporting is nothing more than reporting in modern dress.

Well then, if all these new editorial technics and the new scope and range of news lie ready all about us, and if they are so valuable, why doesn't somebody do something with them? A good question. Throughout the more than thirty years I have been in the business many a speech and many an article has sought to draw specifications for the newspaper of tomorrow. But as yet not a single newspaper is really edited to these specifications.

However, it is now possible to offer at least one example of some of the new things tried out in practice—and succeeding. It has happened in Middletown, New York, a small city in the lower tier of New York's upstate counties, basically not unlike a thousand others across the land.

Middletown's population in the 1950 census was 22,500. It was served by a newspaper, the afternoon *Times-Herald,* which occupied one of those monopoly positions that seem to be the impregnable last refuge of the printed newspaper.

Then in July, 1956, there was

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"New things tried out . . . and succeeding."

planted in this unlikely seed-bed a new morning newspaper, *The Record.* It is printed on an offset press with spectacularly effective and agreeable results. It is politically independent in a heavily Republican area. It makes unusual efforts to cover the news of its community accurately, interestingly, and where possible in depth. Nor does it forget the rest of the world.

Any professional would tell you that, despite such idealistic efforts, a town of the size of Middletown cannot possibly support two newspapers. It is inevitable that either the challenger, or more likely the intrenched incumbent, must swallow the other.

Perhaps in the end it will be so. But it has not yet happened. Here is the story in brief, as I have it from the *Record's* editor and publisher, David Bernstein:

"Our circulation has grown from zero to over 16,000 in two-and-a-half years, and *The Record* is now the leading local newspaper in our area. Our afternoon opposition, incidentally, has improved in quality and energy, and its circulation has grown from 10,000 to 14,000 in the same period. Indeed virtually all the dailies and weeklies in a radius of forty miles have also improved visibly. Result is that the small cities and towns of our region are getting some of the best service in the country."

A fluke? A single example that proves nothing? Perhaps. But you cannot laugh off the fact that a community that three years ago had one newspaper of 10,000 circulation—about par for the course—now has two papers selling 30,000 copies a day between them. One fountain of editorial skill and energy is what has made the difference.

Here is the first bit of proof that the printed newspaper may be able to reverse the downward trend. But if it's as simple as that, why wasn't it done long ago? Why don't we have 100, or 1,000, Middletowns by now?

One reason is that the economic foundation of journalism has altered. In the past, whenever a changing society outran existing newspaper habits, some young man would come along to sense the new need and meet it.

Today our newspapers, like all else, have grown big and costly beyond the reach of a single individual. Though smaller than A.T.&T. or General Motors or General Electric, newspapers have something in common with these classic exemplars of the modern economy. The newspapers are huge, costly corporations. And huge, costly corporations tend to be run not by prophets but by businessmen. And businessmen prove their worth by producing dividends, not by crawling out on editorial limbs or risking their own or other people's money in experiments that may fail. The truth is that the owner-editor who used to adapt the newspaper to changing times is a vanishing breed. Look back a moment. All of us have heard of Horace Greeley,

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who in 1841 started the *New York Tribune* with a borrowed $1,000. He had an editorial genius for articulating the ideas and aspirations of his time. But who ever heard of Greeley's partner and business manager, Thomas McElrath? Yet it was McElrath who kept the erratic and indeed financially irresponsible Greeley solvent. The difference is that in the nineteenth century it was Greeley, the prophet, who decided what the *Tribune* would say, and how. And in doing so he made the *Tribune* a milestone in the history of journalism, indeed in the national history. Today it would have been the businessman McElrath who told Greeley what he might and might not print. This would surely have meant a more cautious approach —and no milestone in journalism.

Does this transition, in all its infinite individual variations throughout today's journalism, mean that the prophets are out of the newspaper business for good? It could be. But I like to think not. For however much the modern American newspaper may be a big business like any other, it still remains something apart. The newspaper business is the only one there is that has a special protection in the United States Constitution, in the First Amendment. This protection is given to the newspaper not because it is a business, but because it serves a unique purpose in a free society. And that purpose is to ferret out the truth and tell it to the people. Curiously, even today the papers that most courageously and knowledgeably serve this purpose tend to be the ones that make the most money.

Today, in our society, the newspaper is in the position of seeking out the truth, as honestly as it can, and warn the people. This means that the newspaper, whatever its technics, must be a keeper of moral values.

At one point in "Dr. Zhivago," Boris Pasternak writes:

"If the beast who sleeps in man could be held down by threats—any kind of threats, whether of jail or of retribution after death—then the highest emblem of humanity would be the lion tamer in the circus with his whip, not the prophet who sacrificed himself. But don't you see, this is just the point—what has for centuries raised men above the beast is not the cudgel but an inward music, the irresistible power of unarmed truth, the powerful attraction of its example."

It could be that this inward music, the irresistible power of unarmed truth, is what the printed newspaper needs most of all, if it is to remain strong enough to triumph over the forces that threaten to kill it.

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(Continued on page 40)

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TRAVEL

(Continued from page 39)

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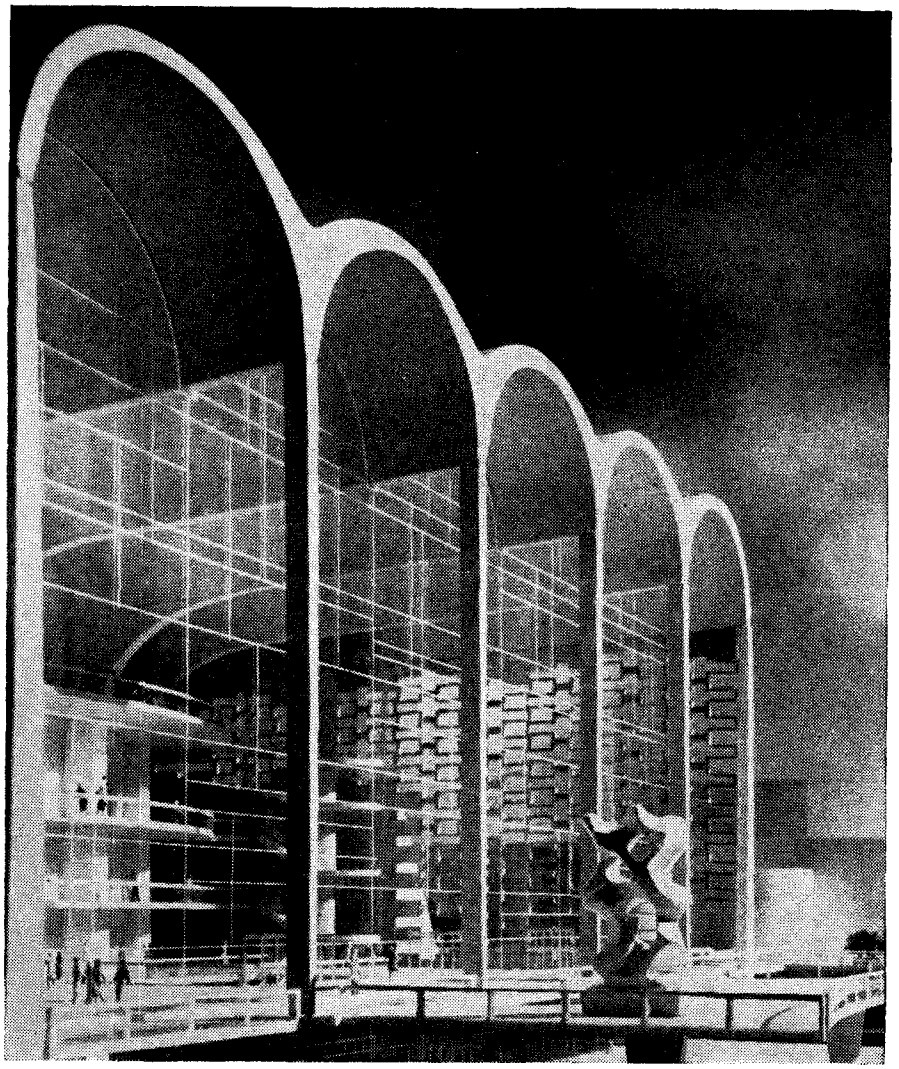

Photograph (from a model) of the proposed exterior of the Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center.

SR/RECORDINGS

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ZERO HOUR FOR LINCOLN CENTER

By IRVING KOLODIN

SLIGHTLY more than seven years ago, in the March 29, 1952, RECORDINGS issue of *SR*, a projected "Ten Year Plan for the Metropolitan" offered the following recommendations:

I. Extension of Rudolf Bing's contract for a substantial tenure, say five more years. . . .

II. Completion of fund-raising for the $1,200,000 needed to secure an option on the Columbus Circle site offered at favorable terms, by the N.Y. Port Authority.

III. Large-scale planning to raise the very considerable sum to build a modern and usable Music Center on the site.

With some alterations of detail, the ensuing seven years have brought us much closer to the realization of these objectives than would have seemed possible at the time. Rudolf Bing has been engaged and re-engaged for a term of years covering the total period of the "Ten Year Plan"—that is, through 1962. The Columbus Circle project has been supplanted by the much more ambitious Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, of which John D. Rockefeller, 3rd is president. And the Metropolitan is an integral part of the concept that embraces not only housing for the operatic art, but a new Philharmonic concert hall to take the place of the soon-to-be-demolished Carnegie Hall, a home for the Dance (which New York has lacked previously), a theatre in which repertory can be performed, etc.

And now the zero hour approaches when indoor talking and planning give way to outdoor physical activity. Demolition in the portion of the area (on New York's West Side from Sixty-second to Sixty-sixth Streets between Columbus and Amsterdam) to be occupied by the Philharmonic concert hall has been under way for some time. Thursday, May 14, has been designated for ground-breaking ceremonies in which President Eisenhower will head the convocation of national, state, and municipal authori-

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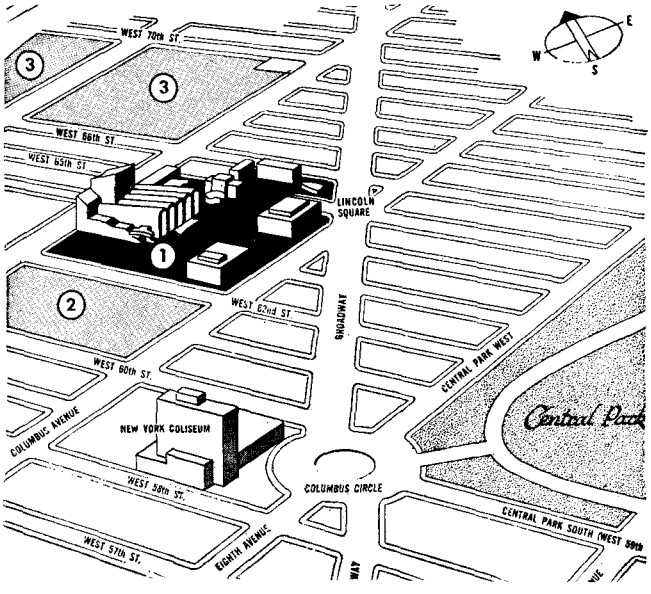

(Above) A perspective of the opera house as it might appear in a vista across the open square.

(Left) A map of the total Lincoln Center development, with residential areas (3), the new Fordham University plant (2), and the numerous buildings (1): (Juilliard School, repertory theatre, Museum of the Performing Arts) additional to the opera house, Philharmonic Hall, and Dance Theatre.

(Below) The only sketch thus far available of the opera house interior, and, admittedly, an "artist's conception."

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ties. The first evidence of progress toward the long discussed objective will thus be visible.

That it has been long-discussed is conceded; that it has been sufficiently *well*-discussed, in some important details, is not so readily conceded. Anyone with the slightest acquaintance with the total subject realizes this is a development that not only should, but unquestionably will, serve the people of New York and the nation for half a century at least—and, in all probability well into the first decades of the 2,000's. It is obviously of the first importance that every resource of human ingenuity be harnessed to reduce the inevitable miscalculations to an invisible minimum, that future generations admire us not only for enterprise but also for foresight. It is, therefore, desperately necessary to have as frank and free a discussion of the ways in which the plans are to be carried out as the resources of communications permit.

Unquestionably, Rockefeller has surrounded himself with an able staff, and his technical people have undoubtedly studied the needs and requirements of the participating organizations minutely. What we would like to know, however, is the nature of the things that concern the public, which will be using these facilities long after those concerned are canonized or forgotten:

a) The shape and design of the auditoriums themselves, particularly those for the Philharmonic and the Metropolitan.

b) The extent to which these designs deal with and overcome the limitations of the buildings in which these organizations presently perform (Carnegie Hall has fewer than the Metropolitan, but some nevertheless).

c) The correlation of function among the several structures, and the degree of flexibility they present.

Whether or not this call for a spelling-out of specific intentions may be considered looking a gift horse in the mouth, it is nevertheless a fact that the public will have to live with them indefinitely. *Publication in the press of the advance sketches covering these points, at a time when changes and alterations are still possible,* strikes me as much an obligation of the Center to its potential customers as completion of the project in the first place. The take-it-or-leave-it attitude which prevailed in the past has long since been outmoded, at the cost of such expensive lessons as were learned from the Century (originally the New) Theatre, whose public of the first World War era found it dismally impractical, did, in fact, "leave" it.

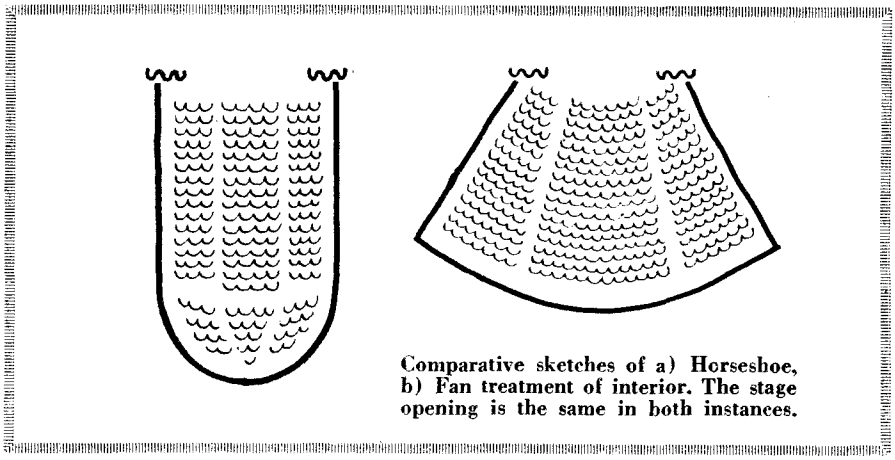
PHILHARMONIC CONCERT HALL. As the need for this facility is greatest (unless the present terminal date is extended, the New York Philharmonic must leave Carnegie Hall at the end of the 1959-1960 season), it will be the first major construction undertaken. Its capacity has been set at 2,400, which strikes many as too small for the future needs of the Philharmonic, if not for present ones. It is appreciably smaller than Carnegie Hall's 2,760, which, for most of the orchestra's major events in the season past, has been sold out. Air-conditioning will permit a longer season, no doubt, but it seems perverse to start out by diminishing the orchestra's public per concert rather than enlarging it. Moreover, there are those who question the construction of a concert hall lacking flying space for any scenery whatsoever. This rules out any secondary use of the Auditorium for theatrical purposes.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. There appears to be nothing but congratulations in order for the fourteen-story Stage House, which will accommodate all the facilities the present antiquated structure lacks. Fronting this, however, is the auditorium itself, and the impressions that have been gathered to date give rise to more than a little uneasiness. The capacity of 3,800 (185 more than the present house) described in a brochure of August, 1958, is stipulated as imperative for operations within a manageable framework of loss. It does, however, impose an inescapable corollary on the possible design.

For a public that has suffered so long the disadvantageous sight lines of the 1883 design, another such horseshoe would be the millstone around the neck of a new opera house construction. When I discussed this with one of the vitally interested parties to the planning a few weeks ago, and asked "Why not the fan shape?" he replied, "That is for a movie theatre, not for an opera house." If the outcome of this attitude is another seventy-five years of semi-standing for people in the cheaper seats, I personally promise to haunt the premises in any spectral guise I can command.

There is also the ominous undercurrent that the proscenium will be as huge and overpowering as the present one (or nearly so), that there *will* be a tier of boxes—I have heard of no plan to blend them into the total construction as has been done with the San Francisco War Memorial Opera House—and that the stage opening may or may not be amenable to contraction when less than the full size is required. Whether or not every taste will be gratified by the proposed exterior (see photo, page 41) is less important than that the public posterior be properly accommodated. The best that can be said is that plans have not been formalized as yet, that opinions on the capacity itself are not fixed, and time for compromise is still possible. Better to proceed, step by step, to a full solution of all problems than strive to meet an unrealistic target date (1961) with a construction that would serve neither the opera company nor the public as it should.

DANCE THEATRE. Details about the third, smallest of the three auditoriums to be used for music and/or dance is restricted, at present, to mention of its capacity: 2,500. For purposes of the concert dance, or smaller groups, such as Martha Graham's, this would seem appropriate. But it does not impress persons familiar with the demands of ballet—even a company used to the limitations of City Center—as in any way adequate. The New York City Ballet, for example, has more than 500 additional seats available in its City Center home (3,010). Deducting a sixth of the capacity will certainly intensify the problem of breaking even, without any thought to turning a profit. There would be no incentive for importation of visiting units under such conditions.



Comparative sketches of a) Horseshoe, b) Fan treatment of interior. The stage opening is the same in both instances.

SUMMATION: The allotment of capacities and facilities in Lincoln Center

(*Continued on page* 59)

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The First Year of Stereo

By NORMAN EISENBERG

THE stereo disc has been a commercial reality—a product that one could walk into a store and buy—for just about one year now. This anniversary coincides with the passing of one major buying season as well as with a burgeoning of technical developments on the equipment front. Taken in all, it represents one of those qualitative leaps in the history of a lively art that always is of prime concern to the producers and purveyors of the medium, not to mention its deep-seated interest on the part of its recipients—the millions of record collectors, music lovers, and sound fanciers over a wide range of artistic and technical interest.

In taking some (twin-channel) soundings of this prodigy, it seems that stereo has turned out to be evolutionary rather than revolutionary. To assert this is a good deal more than permitting ourselves the luxury of a phrase. Certain quantities—those known originally as well as those that came up in the course of development—have added up to indicate trends and direction that were not apparent a year ago. For one thing, whatever certainty and confidence were felt in the ingenious technical circles from which SD emanated, were not wholly shared by the record companies themselves. For them, stereo on vinyl platters represented something of a leap into the dark. And if they felt the tug of uncertainty pulling them, willy-nilly, into a clouded, uncharted region, their doubt was manifestly enhanced among equipment producers and even more so among the record-buying public. In the last analysis, of course, it would be the response of this public that would largely help to resolve things.

It was obviously a public that had shown a definite interest in the technical advances made by monophonic high fidelity toward greater accuracy in the reproduction of music. This was an interest that had—in about ten years—made of hi-fi a household byword and helped build up an industry that had not too long ago been pronounced minor. The sales of hi-fi components directly to consumers, for example, hit an all-time high of $260,000,000 for 1958. This figure (from the Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers) does not include the amount represented by equipment sold for use and re-sale as part of package sets, and, of course, it has nothing to do with the amount spent on "medium"- or "low"-fi sets.

Whether a saturation point had been reached was another matter. For stereo to succeed meant that not only must suitably decent records be made, but that the equipment to play stereo must be made available at reasonable prices. In this regard, for example, the early availability of a $250 stereo cartridge could not be expected to produce earth-shaking results. But

Gage—"better than we anticipated."

when Fairchild brought the price down to $79.50, and then to $49.50, it was plainly time for record fanciers to pay attention. Obviously, it seemed that SD's major appeal would be to collectors of fairly developed musical tastes and some level of sophistication in matters of sound itself. But these would be precisely the people who had been building up large and cherished libraries of monophonic LPs over a decade. Having reconciled themselves once that a new type of record, the LP, had replaced an older type, the 78 rpm shellac product, would these same people now fall over themselves in a rush to replace all their LPs with SDs? To a very significant degree, this worry was groundless; as it turned out the SD has not made the LP passé. On the contrary, the equipment required for playing SDs has proven, in most cases, to bring forth new tonal qualities from existing collections of LPs. But this was something that became manifest much later in the game. In the early stages, the fear and resentment due to anticipated "obsolescence and replacement" were very real deterrents to both record producers and record buyers. But the simultaneous upgrading of older and newer records by the use of stereo's twin channels was a mollifying factor of no small consequence.

In a sense, a kind of see-saw has been set up on which is balanced (at one end) the recognition that stereo enhances music reproduction; at the opposite end, the understanding that a good deal of the plus-value in a stereo system can be realized without the acquisition of a completely new record library. Consequently, the buying of stereo has become a complex matter and something to which the record companies are paying a good deal of attention. One of the characteristics of the burgeoning SD sales is the obvious demand for recordings whose music is in something of an artistic twilight zone—not "classical" and not, by any stretch of definition, jazz or even conventional popular music. There is a growing repertoire of selections and arrangements that has come into existence almost solely because of stereo; it is a kind of aural titillation whose fabric is woven of very definite "left" and "right" directionality effects. At its best it represents a field day for the arranger's art as applied to small and medium-sized ensembles. At its worst it suffers from the trite and banal whose only excuse for existing is that it lends itself—or rather is deliberately conceived—for the most obvious acoustic perception of the stereo medium, which is to say sounds coming at the listener from two distinct sources. In any case, all the record companies have been caught up by a demand for this sort of record and the demand has proven as troublesome as it was unexpected. Of course, from one standpoint, this trend is neither tragic nor overwhelming. It does fill some tills and it has not stopped anyone's major interest in providing the products truer to stereo's original aim—which was simply better recordings of good music. But it remains a significant "side effect" accounting for a good percentage of SD sales and, of course, much of the lower-grade stereo equipment.

AT THAT, some of the record industry's leading figures take an unhurried and unalarmed view of this trend. London's Remy Farkas, for one, points out that this type of record had its counterpart in the early days of LP and that the current interest in it is simply the stereo version of the "sound for sound's sake" trend that has persisted through the days of monophonic hi-fi. As far as London is concerned, this type of record will not prove to be the pace-setter for

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the age of stereo any more than it did for mono LPs. London is presently embarked on a schedule of producing stereo versions of the great operas. To be sure, the more popular ones like "Aïda" and "Tosca" have priority, but some lesser known gems such as Ciléa's "Adriana Lecouvreur" and Catalani's "La Wally" (both featuring Renata Tebaldi) also are planned for stereo release by the end of the year. Here, as with most other record companies, the interest remains strongest in works of solid musical value. At least, the signs point to a substantial diet of quality fare to match the inevitable pot-boilers.

But the important thing is that SDs do sell—and if the great buying public comes to a more informed taste via the back door provided by stereo, so much the better. Henry L. Gage, vice-president of Westminster, points out that the sales of SDs have been "better than we anticipated." Thought originally to hit somewhere between 5 and 10 per cent of total record sales by the end of 1958, stereo sales turned out to be closer to 17-18 per cent. There has been a usual drop in record sales during the early spring weeks, yet stereo continues to sell steadily and in increasing proportions to mono LPs. Consequently, stereo has helped "to fill the trough that otherwise might have meant a sales slump this time of year," says Gage. And on the basis of how they are now selling, it is expected that SDs will account for anywhere from 30 to 50 per cent of total record sales by the end of 1959. At Westminster, too, the big sellers have been things like "Tabu," which would indicate that a good portion of SD buyers may be sound bugs first and music lovers later.

RCA-Victor, for its part, indicates a rise from a 3 per cent portion last October to a present high of about 20 per cent. Speaking for Capitol, Leo Kepler agrees that 20 per cent is about right, while adding "the showier the piece the better the percentage." He cites Beecham's "Scheherazade" as selling about even in two types of discs. Nowhere is there any view that the mono LP has spun itself out of existence. For one thing, despite the added volume of SD sales, there has been virtually no decline (over the year) in mono LP sales. For another, there is a wealth of material that has been recorded only in mono and which is likely to remain very much in demand for years. A significant number of people want a particular performance of a particular work, say, for example, the Toscanini recording of the Beethoven Ninth. This particular record was recorded in mono just prior to the time, some years back, when all recordings were done in both mono and stereo versions. Now, when existing stocks of such releases are exhausted, the company either can make a new recording under a new conductor or, as will happen probably just as often, simply reissue new pressings made from the original mono masters. These reissues will be, of course, mono discs with no attempt to disguise the fact. One thing that a record company cannot do is make a "stereo" record from a mono master. In this sense, there is no transfer process (from mono to stereo) possible that would be analogous to the familiar reissues on mono LPs of important, sought-after performances originally produced on 78 rpm shellacs. Not honestly possible, that is, although Victor's George Marek already forewarns us to beware

Marek—"beware of bogus stereo."

of the possibility of "bogus stereo"—records that really are monophonic but may be promoted as "stereo-like" and so on.

The burden of all this perception and self-analysis on the part of the record makers comes down to the kernel of a credo that serious record collectors and music lovers may well have been waiting for the industry to state in forthright terms: that the production of records, stereo or no, will not become a matter of acoustic novelty. The large companies, such as Victor and Columbia; the medium size outfits such as Westminster and Mercury; the promising newcomers such as Everest are all in accord in a very important sense. That is, simply, that sound for its own sake—coming at the listener from one, two, or three channels—will sustain neither the loyalty of record buyers nor the company's own share of the market.

A spokesman for Decca terms the total interest "tremendous," and sees future sales limited only by the number of stereo units in use.

That stereo will coexist side by side with mono LPs also seems a certainty. This appears true in the sense explained earlier (in terms of specific works never recorded in stereo) as well as by virtue of the fact that the bulk of all new releases are being issued on what is called in the trade the "one-for-one" basis. This means that each new release is available in either a stereo or a mono version, and the buyer can choose whichever he wants. Columbia, for example, which has proceeded into stereo with due caution and a careful study of repertoire and market factors, now has about 90 per cent of its recent releases in both stereo and mono versions; sooner or later all of its records will be issued on the one-for-one schedule.

In addition to holding the line on repertoire and performance, the record producers have also solved most of the technical problems attendant on launching the new medium. And there are signs that the opportunities of stereo have encouraged startling improvements in recording techniques themselves. At Everest, for example, Ben Deutschman reports that all new original takes are being done in a most advanced, and admittedly costly, manner. Here the master medium has evolved to 35-mm movie film, specially prepared to serve as magnetic recording tape; it has been found ideally suited to bring out the virtues of multiple-channel recording, and the reception this company is enjoying would indicate that the results show up on the discs themselves.

IN ANOTHER vein, according to Harold Lawrence, Mercury Records has discovered that the multiple-channel technique aids in capturing the authentic flavor of a specific concert hall in which a particular ensemble normally performs. Consequently, the acoustic quality of the resultant product may range from "warm and mellow to crisp and dry, *as the case may be*."

Even the doubters and scoffers must perforce concede that the spatiality and depth of the new medium provide, without doubt, a tremendous improvement in the larger, more complex ensembles. This fact probably will broaden the audience for the major instrumental and vocal works since these works in stereo simply are easier and more enjoyable to hear. But what of stereo applied to smaller ensembles and soloists? Here the benefits of stereo are not so much a matter of left-and-right separation as they are a matter of coming closer to realizing the original aims of high fidelity—fullness of tone, and—as

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Recordings in Review

Twelve by Corelli

CONCERTI GROSSI, OPUS 6: *Chamber Orchestra of the Societas Musica, Copenhagen, Jorgen Ernst Hansen, director.* Bach Guild Stereolab, BCS 5010-12, $17.95.

LIKE THEIR ITALIAN counterparts of the Virtuosi di Roma and I Musici, these Danes have developed an ensemble and mode of approach that contribute much to the understanding of these works. In default of the complete set lacking from the Società Corelli, comparison is restricted to those performances previously available from groups directed by Ephrikian (on Vox) and Quadri (on Westminster), with a considerable margin of superiority in tonal discipline, vigor of statement and stylistic sympathy in the dozen or so players who make up the Societas Musica.

It has been remarked that without Vivaldi there might have been no Bach: but would there have been a Vivaldi (as we—barely—know him) had there been no Corelli? He was twenty-two years old and well along the path to his later distinction when Vivaldi was born. Moreover, if he had no such fecundity as the Venetian master, whose works number in the

—*Culver.*

Corelli—"freshness and verve."

hundreds against Corelli's dozens, he sustained a freshness and verve that make the lesser, as well as the greater —and there are both in this collection —distinctive.

Both *concerti da chiesa* and *concerti da camera* are represented in opus 6—eight of the former, and four of the latter. For those who cling to the belief that a really great musical work is rarely neglected for long, it is interesting to observe that the most original and expressive of the twelve is also the best known. It follows, then, that this should be the "Christmas Concerto" with which Corelli's name is synonymous ("Fatta per la notte di natale"), and it is. The Societas Musica group plays it in rather lilting style, but with fine sound and sympathy. Of the others I was attracted to No. 6 in F major, No. 9 in F major and No. 10 in C major. Each of these is interesting for having five movements (a kind of double finale) and from the last, one can perceive some patterns that were challenging for instruments ca.1710, but amenable for voices three quarters of a century later when Mozart wrote "Figaro." Fine string sound in the stereo.

Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Sleeping Beauty." George Weldon conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel S 3579 B, $11.96.

AS A MUSICAL SPRING tonic, nothing more invigorating could be recommended than Tchaikovsky's *elixir de danse*. Taken as directed, in copious doses and as frequently as desired, it will clear the mind, refresh the spirit, and reawaken the tonal taste-buds dulled, perhaps, by too much of a severe winter diet. Unlike other prescriptions, which should be taken before or after meals, this one can be taken before, after or during, with equally good results.

In specifically music terms, Weldon provides a vigorous, well disciplined performance in which the Philharmonia players outdo any contemporary competition (Fistoulari-Paris Conservatory on London, Dorati-Minneapolis Symphony on Mercury, Robert Irving-Covent Garden on RCA-Victor) in the zest and brilliance of their playing. The individual excellence of the leading string and woodwind players counts for much in the solo passages with which the work abounds, sounding out with the sheen and surety that make the difference between the dutiful and the delightful.

Weldon's weakness, like that of the others mentioned above, is in the area of poetry and warmth of feeling, (both of which leave something to be desired), in the quality which adds a sense of rapture to the important, but lesser, virtues the playing has in abundance. As for the cover contention that this is a "complete" "Sleeping Beauty," it is so only relative to the Royal (formerly Sadler's Wells) Ballet version from which it is derived. In terms of the piano score published by the Tchaikovsky Foundation in 1950, it is lacking in twenty or so pages, with some elisions and "joins" that might have caused the composer squeamish moments. Big compelling sound.

The Best of Kell

MOZART: *Quintet in A, K. 581. Reginald Kell, clarinet, with the Fine Arts Quartet.* Concert-Disc CS 203. $6.95. BRAHMS: *Quintet in B minor. The same.* Concert-Disc CS-202. $6.95.

WHILE FAMILIARITY never bred contempt for the clarinet playing of Reginald Kell, it is equally evident that distance lends enchantment and absence makes the heart grow fonder for his art since it is no longer as readily available as it once was. Whatever the reasons that impelled him to return to England after a decade or so of residence here (probably as good and personal ones as those that prompted him to come to the United States in the first place), he is obviously an artist to whom development is as natural as growing older, and who finds new ways to say the old sentiments of the works he loves because they are constantly revealing new meanings to him. Attention to these discs derived from stereo tapes makes these facts more evident than ever.

Superficially, they are more apparent in the warm-toned, broadly scaled playing of the Brahms quintet than in the Mozart, for there is more detail to be comprehended, a more active pattern of dynamics to be modulated. But if one listens intently to the ebb and flow of Kell's tone, especially in the long phrases of Mozart's slow movement and certain aspects of the variations, one will hear a molding and melting of tones into each other that is hardly within the reach of any other clarinetist known to me (including such fine European virtuosi as Cahuzac, Etienne and Lancelot).

If one is inclined to describe Kell's tone in Mozart as rather "uninflected," it is quite evidently a purposeful restraint, for the sound he produces in the Brahms has as much vibrato and pulsation as anyone could reasonably desire. And, if one is inclined to downgrade the members of the Fine Arts Quartet for a rather aloof, follow-the-leader (Kell, not Leonard Sorkin) procedure in Mozart, it again is part of method rather

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than indifference, for the participation in the Brahms is on an all-for-one and one-for-all basis. I also like the stereo sound in Brahms better, doubtless because there is more for the microphones to work with.

A Treasure of Rachmaninoff

BACH: *Prelude (recorded in 1942);* CHOPIN-LISZT: *"The Maiden's Wish" (1942);* SCHUBERT: *Impromptu in A flat (1925);* GLUCK-SGAMBATI: *Melodie (1925);* RACHMANINOFF: *Serenade (1936);* BEETHOVEN: *Turkish March (1925);* KREISLER-RACHMANINOFF: *"Liebeslied" (1921);* SCHUMANN-TAUSIG: *"Der Contrabandiste";* CHOPIN-LISZT: *"The Return Home," (1942);* CHOPIN: *Waltz in A flat (1927);* LISZT: *"Gnomenreigen," (1925);* SCHUBERT-LISZT: *"Wandern," (1925);* BORODIN: *Scherzo (1935);* DAQUIN: *"Le Coucou" (1920);* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Humoresque (1923);* HENSELT: *"If I Were a Bird" (1923);* DEBUSSY: *"Golliwogg's Cakewalk" (1921). Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist.* Camden CAL 486, $1.98.

A MERE CITATION of this record's content, with or without reference to its cost, should leave little doubt that it is as rare a bargain as is likely to appear between now and 1960. For those to whom Rachmaninoff is a readily recollectable figure on the concert stage, it is in the nature of a spur to the mental reproduction of his total personality; for those to whom he is not, the seventeen specimens of his interpretative artistry should be a dazzling amplification of whatever they have known about him.

There are few among the seventeen I have not heard at one time or another, but they have not faded in vividness nor lost a whit of their vitality since last heard. The amazing independence of hands, especially in duet or when there are overlapping statements to be defined, the upsurge of melodic or rhythmic impulse at a critical point which almost persuades us (in some instances) that we are hearing the music improvised, the unremitting attention to detail and nuance —these are the elements of individuality that linger in the ear like the aftertaste of an unduplicated vintage. Now and then there *is* a bit of "foreign matter," such as the questionable counterpoints in his own transcription of the Bach prelude (originally E major, here F major), the impossibly fast pace for Schubert's "Wandern," etc. But even in these the execution is impeccably tasteful. The reproduction naturally varies in quality: those of 1942 surprisingly good, those of 1920-1921 not too bad.

Glinka from Paris

GLINKA: *"A Life for the Tsar." Igor Markevitch conducting the Lamoreux Orchestra, with Boris Christoff, Teresa Stich-Randall, Nicolai Gedda, and the chorus of the Belgrade Opera.* Capitol GCR 7163, $14.94.

IF THE TIME has not yet come for Russian talent to provide us with well-performed, contemporary-sound versions of their great national operatic repertory, perhaps this is the next best thing: a group of artists indoctrinated in the style, with a plausible if not perfect command of the original text, working with a conductor who is both an able musician and possessed of a feeling for the style, an orchestra of high quality and an experienced choral group within range of microphones manned by expert hands.

Those who are led to an interest in this recording through the presence of the redoubtable Christoff will find it one of the most stimulating experiences they could have. Long celebrated as the founding father of Russian music, what makes Glinka so has been pretty well obscured by a concert hall "repertory" (in this country) confined to an overture ("Russlan and Ludmilla"), a tone poem ("Kamarinskaya") and, perhaps, a piece of local color ("Jota Aragonesa.") A product of 1836, it begins with suggestions of Beethoven and Cherubini, but before long the composer is so absorbed with the seventeenth-century patriot Ivan Susanin —who, literally, donates "A Life for the Tsar" Mikhail Romanov by leading astray the Polish zealots who sought to capture him—that he is running with authentically Russian choruses, solos, duets and dance-music.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the text by a German Baron Rosen is notable for continuity or concision, but in dealing with hopes of Susanin to see his daughter Antonida married to Sobinin, a variety of incidents are provided that enable Glinka to write brilliantly festive as well as resolutely tragic music. Along the way there are several exquisitely written arias for Antonida, romanzas for her tenor sweetheart and, of course, the celebrated "Slavska" chorus at the end celebrating the appearance of the Tsar in Red Square.

Like any masterpiece (which it assuredly is) it reaches out beyond its existence to affect many later masters, from Smetana to Moussorgsky.

Thanks to the power and vividness of Christoff's dramatic performance (less so to its vocal appeal, which is occasionally rough) his Susanin is almost visibly before us from start to finish, providing a powerful thread to hold all the incidents together.

Teresa Stich-Randall quite outdoes any previous accomplishment with the sweet sound, the remarkable discipline and the fine characterization she affords Antonida, though the language must have been a trying hazard. And the resourceful Nicolai Gedda makes a success of his Sobinin, even though the part is prodigal with C's and even ranges up to a D flat in act V. He is, fortunately, never "tenor" tenor, but a real character who knows what he is doing, and why.

Doubtless there are flaws to be found with Markevitch's direction, but he clearly knows this score much better than I do, and delivers it with power, conviction and eloquence. The large chorus also makes a contribution of worth.

Finally, the text appears based on the Soviet publication of 1949, with a few unimportant excisions.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*Culver.*

Glinka — "the founding father of Russian music."

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Divertimento for string orchestra. Antal Dorati conducting the Philharmonia Hungarica. (With Weiner: Suite opus 18). Epic LC 3513, $4.98. Divertimento. C. Silvestri conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. (With Hindemith: "Mathis der Maler.") Angel 35643, $4.98.	Whatever the suggestions of their names, Silvestri provides the more poetic, evocative version of this music, Dorati the one of greater rhythmic tension and nervous intensity. However, there is more richness of Hungarian sound in the Philharmonia than in the Philharmonia Hungarica, a good but not outstanding orchestra of players who fled the country in 1957. Both second sides are well performed, with the greater musical interest—for my taste—in Silvestri's shapely, flexible presentation of Hindemith. Weiner's suite, based on Hungarian folk music, is played with great spirit, but its values do not wear too well. The favor in reproductive quality is also on the side of the Angel's engineers.
Berg: Three Pieces, op. 6. Webern: Six pieces, op. 6. Stravinsky: "Agon." Hans Rosbaud conducting the orchestra of the Southwest German Radio. Westminster XWN 18807, $4.98.	Rosbaud goes beyond the mere organization of Berg and Webern's scores into a faithful presentation of the printed text, adding an element of insight and imagination which qualifies him as a superior intermediary for their works. The Stravinsky appeals to me less, for a dryer, less breathy sound would be preferable to the rather vibrant one he provides. Good recording contributes to the success of the total venture.
Brahms: Concerto in D. Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum. Epic LC 3552, $4.98.	Granted that Grumiaux does not have the really sizable tone that a thoroughgoing performance of Brahms demands, he nevertheless works with such strength of purpose and high standards of musicianship that a really worthwhile result accrues to him. This derives from his comprehensive feeling for its melodic flow, a strong sense of structure and sure execution within the dynamic scale accessible to him. He has, in van Beinum, a strongminded but also likeminded conductor who gives him every reasonable latitude without relinquishing his own prerogatives. Very good sound.
Britten: "Interludes" and "Passacaglia" ("Peter Grimes"), "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra." Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster WST 14010, $5.98.	Boult's sympathetic ear for Britten's scoring is as beneficial to the result in the artistic aspect as stereo is for the acoustical. The music strikes me as being played in better tune than on previous recordings, thus establishing acutely just what Britten intends with his conflicts and clashes. The conductor also does equally well by "YPGTTO," which is presented in its purely musical sequence without the intrusion of spoken text.
Copland: "Variations." Letelier: "Aculeo." Robert Whitney conducting the Louisville Orchestra. LOU 59, $7.95.	As opportunities for acquaintance with it accumulate—last winter from the Philharmonic, now from this recording—it grows more evident that Copland has succeeded very well in re-thinking the material of his Piano Variations in orchestral terms. I remain partial to the total effect of the original, but Whitney's precise, well-calculated direction and the effort of his players absorb the attention. The companion work of the Chilean Alfonso Letelier is about the country estate on which he was born, and uses a conservative, but colorful idiom to depict "Horcon de Piedra" (a mountain peak) and "El Lago" (the lake).
Haydn: Symphony No. 104 ("London") and Mendelssohn Symphony No. 4 in A ("Italian"). Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6050, $5.98.	These are two scores of the standard repertory for which Bernstein has demonstrated sympathy and understanding on more than one public occasion, and the results in both instances are gratifying. For my taste, he has his orchestra under more consistent control in the Haydn, which has line, form and balance, than in Mendelssohn, where climaxes tend to come a little earlier than they should, with insufficient elegance and flow in the andante and the minuet.
Janácek: "Taras Bulba." Martinu: "Les Fresques." Rafael Kubelik conducting the Royal Philharmonic. Capitol G 7159, $4.98.	Like much of his other music, Janáček's "Taras Bulba" makes its effect despite rather than because of the composer's command of musical means. Perhaps it is part of his expressive purpose that his music seems "inarticulate," but greater skill in writing would give more force to his generally excellent ideas. For Martinu, "Les Fresques" is rather retrogressive, an illustration of three paintings by Piero della Francesca in the church of San Francesco at Arezzo. Martinu is to be admired for putting his thoughts as plainly as he does, but Respighi, on the one hand, has done similar tonepainting with more colorful pictorial strokes, as Hindemith, on the other, has with greater depth and eloquence.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 in A ("Italian"). Sir Eugene Goossens conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Overture in C (op. 101). Hans Swarowsky conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Urania USD 1013, $5.95.	From his long and varied background, Goossens produces a performance of considerable personal quality, combining lightness of motion with agility of execution in the fast movements. However, the two slower ones are too leisurely, not sufficiently related to what precedes and follows, for really satisfactory listening. The misleading opus number of the overture (it was written in 1825, when the composer was sixteen) masks an early anticipation of ideas that came to full fruition in "Fingal's Cave" in 1830. Swarowsky's conducting is diligent.
Prokofiev: "Love for Three Oranges" (suite). Rimsky-Korsakov: "Le Coq d'Or" suite. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol SP 8445, $5.98.	Steinberg's production of the familiar excerpts from the much longer works (when is someone with enterprise going into the rich field of Russian opera with *proper* resources?) is typically efficient and the orchestra does all that he asks. However, it strikes me as all just a little fast for the proper atmosphere to develop, the beat tending to be rigid and inflexible where something more plastic is desirable. The Prokofiev comes through better, no doubt because it is more specific in its musical values than the Rimsky-Korsakov.
Ravel: "Ma Mère l'Oye." Dukas: "Apprenti Sorcier," Saint-Saëns: "Rouet d'Omphale." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2292, $5.98.	How far Munch has gone in revamping the Boston Symphony into a "French-sounding" orchestra is evident in the detail and clarity of the "Mother Goose" suite, which is especially creditable to the excellence of the orchestra's present first-desk players. Thanks to the penetrating ear of the stereo microphones, this includes the contra-bassoon, whose solo sound is well conveyed. There are equal virtues of execution in the Dukas and Saint-Saëns, though something less than the desirable humor and fantasy. The Dukas, in particular, goes at a water-spilling pace.
Strauss: "Frau ohne Schatten" suite, "Rosenkavalier" suite. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5333, $4.98.	Adding orchestral whipped cream of the Philadelphia Brand to the creamy substance of the excerpts chosen from these scores by Ormandy may tax some appetites, but the quality cannot be indicted in either case. A closer documentation of the material contained in the "Frau ohne Schatten" suite might have added to understanding, for the annotation skimps details throughout. Greater familiarity with the "Rosenkavalier" score makes apparent its progress from prelude to third act trio, with less of the waltz atmosphere than is heard in customary suites. Fine sound.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in B flat minor. Jacob Lateiner, with Armando Aliberti conducting. Westminster WST 14018, $5.98.	Lateiner's enthusiasm for his task, and his insight into certain musical aspects of it, provide interests not always present in recorded performances. He is, however, lacking in the all-out technical command to carry through his conception. Aliberti, of American background, works well with him. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE OTHER SIDE

ALL'S FAIR IN AUDIO

LONDON.

THIS year's Audio Fair was a decided improvement over the 1958 model. The move from the Waldorf to the Russell Hotel still left the display section too cramped for comfort, and individual demonstration rooms remain unduly small (wherever you go, hotel bedrooms are much the same). But, thanks to more spacious corridors, the visitor's progress from "Acoustical" to "Wharfedale" had become less agonizing than heretofore. Last year, too, Pye caused near chaos with its premature announcement of stereo discs, as a result of which most exhibitors felt honor-bound to put on stereo demonstrations, however inadequately prepared. This year everyone is, of course, thoroughly conversant with the new techniques and, apart from one perilous moment when I thought that I heard an express train coming up behind me on a third floor corridor, I was agreeably surprised by the almost total absence of stereo "effects" records.

Stereo, nevertheless, presents a virtually insoluble problem on such an occasion, for conditions are utterly against a just appreciation of its advantages and I frequently overheard the comment: "I can't tell any difference." One cannot, of course, blame exhibitors for failing to achieve the impossible, yet far too many were content to equate stereo with excessive volume of sound and scarcely anyone seemed prepared to explain why a true appraisal of stereo was impossible in a small, overcrowded room. What makes the situation all the more galling to those who know their stereo and are convinced of its great potentialities is the fact that really first-class stereo equipment is now at last available and is proving virtually irresistible to those who have had an opportunity of listening to it in the right setting.

The pick-up remains our chief problem, and so far the Decca ffss model (alias London-Scott) is still without a serious rival although one or two cheaper, but promising units, such as the Goldring (variable reluctance) and Connoisseur (ceramic) were heard at the Audio Fair for the first time. Good amplifiers, on the other hand, are plentiful as ever, with Acoustical and Rogers Developments contributing the most interesting new designs. Acoustical (QUAD), famed as producers of the world's first full-range electrostatic loudspeaker, must now be regarded as the most thoughtful and uncompromising of British Hi-Fi manufacturers, and their approach to stereo has been that of angels who fear to tread where others rush in. The QUAD stereo control unit, produced after many months of tight-lipped silence and intended for use with a pair of standard QUAD 15-watt amplifiers, is undoubtedly the most comprehensive unit of its kind we have yet seen.

I observed only a handful of new names in the list of almost seventy exhibitors, but these included Ampex, whose renowned tape recorders are now being sold in this country for the first time (and who presented quite the best stereo demonstration of the entire Fair!), and Audio Fidelity Records. Having descended upon our shores to the sound of publicity trumpets last autumn in order to make a series of classical recordings with a hand-picked London orchestra, Audio Fidelity's president, Mr. Sidney Frey, has now established an English branch of his company and will launch his colorfully packaged wares during May.

With the gradual easing of currency restrictions, it is beginning to look as though, in future, the flow of hi-fi goods across the Atlantic will be less of a one-way traffic than hitherto. This is a most welcome development which should put British manufacturers more on their mettle after years without serious overseas competition in the home market (except in the field of tape recorders, where German products have dominated sales for the past six years).

March brought a fair quota of new discs besides the Decca "Rheingold," though the latter's dazzling qualities hardly gave us the chance to notice anything else until we had accustomed ourselves to its bright splendor. In fact, Decca offered quite a sizable list in addition to the Wagner set, including a superbly recorded disc of the Sibelius Violin Concerto (plus two shorter violin pieces by Tchaikovsky), played by Ricci and the London Symphony under Fjeldstad; a two-disc "Swan Lake" set by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande, richly recorded though the performance seems in need of some extra rehearsal time; a rather easy-going Tchaikovsky No. 5 from Krips and the Vienna Philharmonic; and a lithe, youthful performance of Beethoven's C minor Concerto by Katchen, Gamba and the London Symphony. RCA's stereo contribution featured the fine Boston/Monteux "Pathétique" and Rubinstein's exhilarating account of Saint-Saëns's G minor Concerto, as well as Münch's "Eroica-Express" and a brilliantly recorded Elgar/Bliss miscellany — "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches, Suite from "Things to Come," etc.—conducted by the present Master of the Queen's Musick, Sir Arthur Bliss. The RCA mono list, on the other hand, restored to us the Toscanini "Otello" and the four Brahms Symphonies.

HMV, too, did its share of restoration by adding two more notable discs to the "Great Recordings of the Century" series. It was an excellent idea to couple together the Pro Arte performances of two great G minor chamber works by Mozart, the string quintet and the piano quartet (with Schnabel as their matchless partner), while a Brahms disc takes us back to the great days of the Busch/Serkin partnership with the A major Sonata and the Horn Trio. In the latter work they were joined by Aubrey Brain who, in his way, was just as remarkable a hornist as his more famous son; Dennis, alas, never recorded this Trio, but I find it difficult to imagine a performance more perfect than that now reissued.

Columbia offers its long anticipated and star-laden, but not too impressively engineered, set of Richard Strauss's last opera, "Capriccio," soprano scenes from Verdi operas—principally "Macbeth"—sung by Callas and, from Hans Hotter and Gerald Moore, an attractive miscellany of Lieder by Schubert, Schumann, Loewe and Wolf.

Annie Fischer, with the Philharmonia under Sawallisch, contributes an uncommonly fine coupling of two Mozart Concertos, K. 467 in C and K. 482 in E flat; Geza Anda gives a rather wayward account of Brahms's F minor Sonata and Karajan leads the Philharmonia through superbly groomed, yet somewhat noncommittal performances of three Bizet suites (two from "L'Arlésienne" and one from "Carmen"). Both Anda and Karajan will shortly be appearing on labels other than the accustomed Columbia-Angel.

Since news has lately reached us of a projected Decca-RCA stereo "Tristan," with Birgit Nilsson and Jon Vickers, the possibility that Karajan may be in charge cannot be lightly dismissed; opera sets recently completed by Decca include Britten's "Peter Grimes" and a Krips-directed "Fledermaus." —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Sheep May Safely Graze," "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," etc. Haydn: "The Heavens Are Telling," Schubert: "To Music," etc. The Mormon Tabernacle Chorus with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia MS 6058, $5.98.	It would be humorless to apply conventional standards of propriety to these undertakings, for clearly they are designed for those more interested in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir with the Philadelphia Orchestra than they are in Bach, Haydn, etc. However, Schubert's "To Music" (accompanied by organ but not orchestra) makes a rather lumpy sound in this guise, and the recording throughout stresses an echoey verberation rather than well-focused sound. Also included are Rimsky-Korsakov's setting of a folk song favored by both Beethoven and Moussorgsky (here titled "Glory, Glory, Glory"), the chorale tune from "Finlandia" ("On Great Lone Hills"), and the "Hallelujah" chorus from "Messiah." However, if a reasonable number of relatives of all those concerned become customers, the record should not do too badly.
Beethoven: Sonata in B flat, op. 106, and Sonata in E flat, opus 81a. Eduardo del Pueyo, piano. Epic LC 3555, $4.98.	As he has demonstrated in previous recordings, del Pueyo is an artist of serious purpose and responsible application to the music he plays. Also, he has more than average power of communication. In the "Hammerklavier," however, it strikes me he is grappling with a musical problem beyond his physical capacities. There is a strong line of procedure in his treatment of the work but when the dramatic climaxes approach, del Pueyo tends to lose dynamic and rhythmic control. In the lighter "Les Adieux," del Pueyo makes some points with grace and deftness, especially in the finale. The "departure" (and the grieving thereafter) lack the desirable degree of warmth. Very good piano sound.
Beethoven: Sonata opus 17, Haydn: Concerto No. 2 (adagio), Hunting Calls. Horace Fitzpatrick, horn. Golden Crest 4014, $5.95.	Citation of the Beethoven and Haydn works is more a matter of convenience than a measure of their importance in the appeal of this disc. The real interest is in the twenty or so Hunt Calls of English, French, Italian and German derivation performed with impressive skill on the instruments of the time (fifteenth to nineteenth centuries). However, the documentation of the material is skimpy, with nothing to identify Fitzpatrick (aside from an allusion to Vienna), and no mention of those who take part in the characteristic doublings. The "authentic" instruments used for the Beethoven, Haydn and Jean-Joseph Mouret music (five "Divertissements for an Italian Comedy") are poor-sounding by comparison with the valve horns of today.
Debussy: "Suite Bergamasque," Ravel: Sonatine, "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," "Alborada del Gracioso." Leon Fleisher, piano. Epic LC 3554, $4.98.	Though this is not the repertory in which Fleisher has earned his recognition to date, he performs it with taste, coloristic sense, and tonal finesse that do him credit. This applies in particular to the "Suite Bergamasque" and the "Sonatine." However, some of the rhythmic contours in the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" are angular rather than rounded, the accent occasionally more metronomic than metric. In all, however, it adds a welcome feature of versatility to the previous image of Fleisher as an interpreter.
Haydn: Sonata No. 30 in E, No. 35 in E flat, Andante with Variations (F minor); Brahms: Waltzes, op. 39. Carl Seemann, piano. Decca DL 710,007, $5.98.	Seemann plays all this music as most other kinds in which he has been heard, with unvarying competence and most of the touchstones of artistic performance: good sound, excellent articulation in passage work, well-chosen tempi, etc. However, there is a kind of implacable evenness of temperament in his performances which tends to make them sound selfless and impersonal. When he does inject a bit of subjective stress into the F minor variations, it comes as almost an aural shock. More nuance and lightness of touch would have added to the appeal of his Brahms waltzes. The stereo reproduction of the piano by DG's engineers is very good.
Kodály: Sonata (unaccompanied), Bach: Suite in C minor. Aldo Parisot, cello. Counterpoint CPST 5563, $5.95.	There are cellists with more technical finish and suavity of style than Parisot, but he is a performer of strong emotional convictions and the power to communicate them to the listener. He has a notable feeling for the creativity in the Kodály sonata, matching its contrasting expressions with an admirable range of his own. In both works, his intonation tends to be smudgy, which may relate to the use of "scordatura" tuning (in which the strings are unconventionally pitched in order to facilitate execution). Stereo seems, in this instance, less than consequential.
Milhaud: "Création du Monde," Stravinsky: "L'Histoire du Soldat." John Carewe conducting the London Symphony Chamber Group. Everest SDBR 3017, $5.98.	The chosen works make an excellent pairing, and the quality of the Everest recording assures a high standard of reproduction. The instrumentalists (Hugh Maguire, violin, Stuart Knussen, double bass, Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, William Waterhouse, bassoon, Dennis Clift, cornet, Denis Wick, trombone, and Charles Donaldson, percussion, are soloists in the Stravinsky) are also well-chosen. Not so the conductor, however, for he doesn't show the sense of precise intonation demanded by the in-but-out-of-tune writing or the finesse in dynamic adjustment to compare with other performances (and recordings) of these choice works.
Scarlatti: Sonatas (Longo Nos. 2, 178, 183, 199, 278, 387, 393, 399, 400, 459 and Longo Supp. 13). Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Westminster XWN 18814, $4.98.	In the perspective of the twenty-one preceding discs in this series, Volume 22 tends to the graver moods and the darker colorations of Scarlatti's output, lacking the sparkle and dash of those sonatas generally known and most often performed. This is not to say that they are inferior in quality, rather that the quality is of another, more chromatic sort (taking the collection as a whole) than that usually associated with this composer. Valenti responds in kind, which is to say that his absorption with a seemingly endless task is unflagging.
Schubert: "Die Schöne Müllerin." Helmut Krebs, tenor, with Felix Schroeder, piano. Westminster XWN 18815, $4.98.	Any competent performance of a great song cycle adds to appreciation and understanding of it, and Krebs is at least competent. What restricts his ascent to a more distinguished category is not so much the lack of appeal in his light, whitish voice, but insufficient power of projection to differentiate between one song and another. No one song is really inadequate in performance, but the totality lacks sufficient contrast. Schroeder does not out-perform his partner.
Soler: Sonata (A minor), Anglès: Aria (D minor), Casanovas: Sonata, Freixanet: Sonata (A), de Cabezón: "Diferencias sobre el canto llano del Caballero," Granados: "Andalusia," etc. Marcel Grandjany, harp. Capitol P 8473, $4.98.	Like all records, this one has two sides, but the division is along more formal lines than customary with one side devoted to scholarship (Soler, etc.) the other to diversion (Granados, Albéniz, etc.). I find Grandjany and his art most appealing in the more recent works, which utilize greater resources of the harp than the transcriptions of the earlier. Included, beyond those mentioned, are Falla's "Jota" and "Spanish Dance No. 2" from "La Vida Breve," Turina's "Sacro-Monte" and Albéniz's "Torre Bermeja."
Spohr: Nonette in F, op. 31. New York Woodwind Quintet and members of the Fine Arts Quartet. Concertdisc CS 201, $6.95.	Considering the celebrity of Spohr in his lifetime and the enduring interest of the "Gesangscene" (Concerto No. 8) for violin, there is always a chance that another of his sizable works may reward the attention. This one is sizable, in scope and seriousness, but more revealing of manner than matter. Its Mozartian elements are well-conveyed by the quartet and Messrs. Baron, Glazer, Roth, Garfield and Barrows, with Harold Siegel, contra bass. —I. K.

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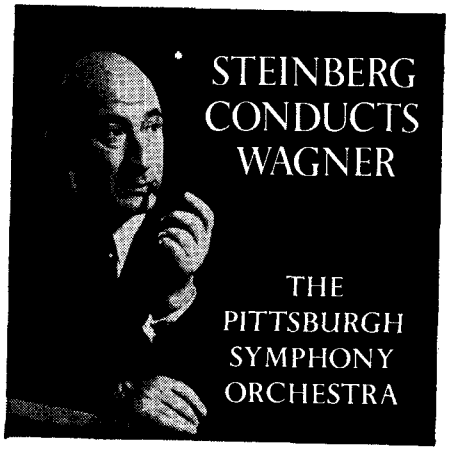

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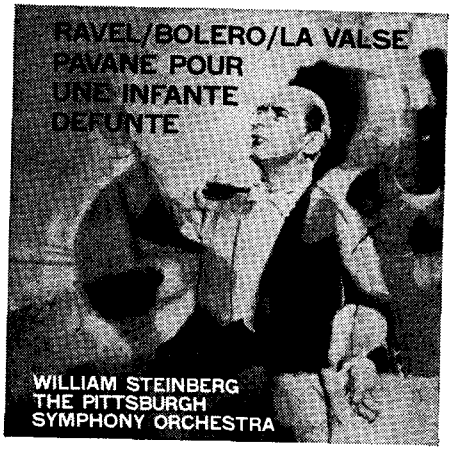

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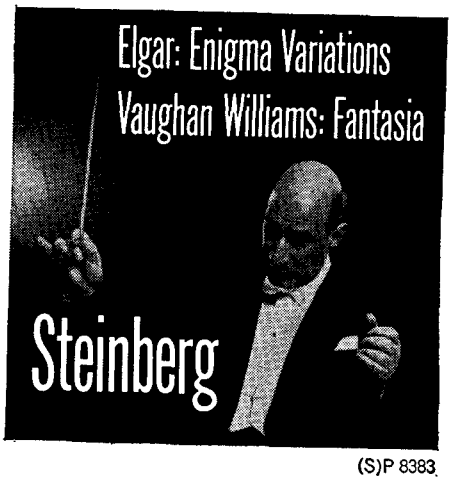

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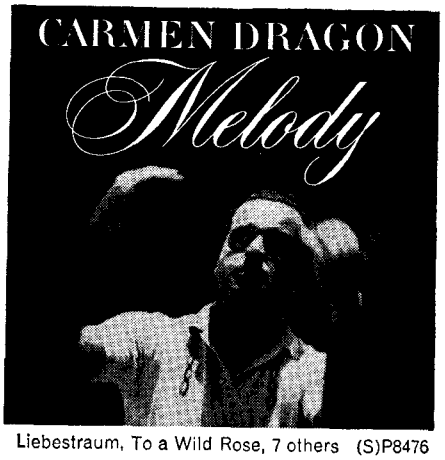

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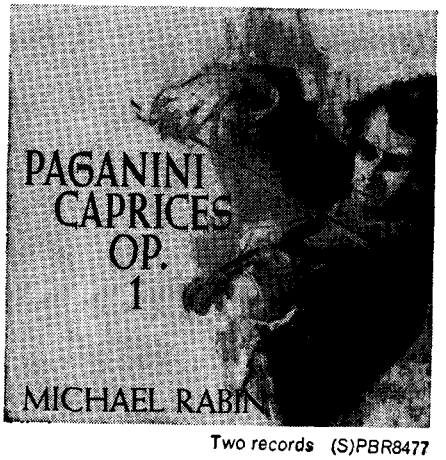

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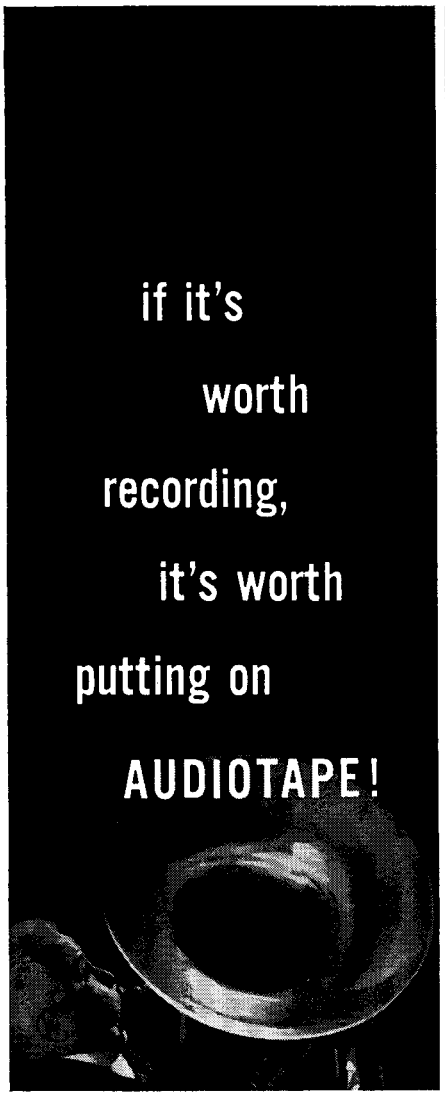

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Gone but Not Forgotten

By RICHARD D. FREED

AMERICAN readers of the English monthly *The Gramophone* may be puzzled by the periodic listings of records announced for deletion. Messrs. Clough and Cuming, who compile the World Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music, periodically direct readers' attention to records about to be discontinued, advising the date announced for each deletion and whether the music is available in any other recording.

No one here is likely to be much interested by such items. Now and then one may raise an eyebrow on discovering a diamond (a mark indicating a record to be discontinued) near a familiar number in the Schwann Catalog, but that's about it, especially since so many of the discontinued numbers do reappear on different labels. Well, many of the cut-outs on the "regular" labels may be reissued on the "reprint" labels, but when a Remington, Camden, or Entre number is dropped it's usually gone for good, and there were quite a few really outstanding items on those labels.

With our really fantastic catalog of fine recordings, we are not likely to become disturbed by the deletion of relatively few numbers, most of which are superseded, anyway. Those cutouts that we may consider special are fun to hunt for, especially since many dealers cut their prices on discontinued records. The short list that follows is made up of some of my own favorites among the withdrawn numbers; I consider them all outstanding performances, many of them represent the only appearance on records of the respective titles, and none may be considered less than adequate from the standpoint of sound.

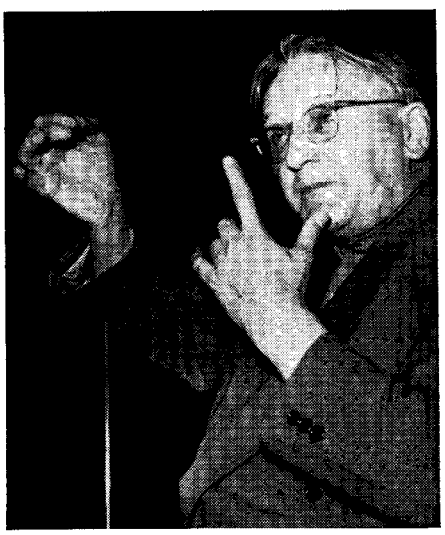
BEETHOVEN: *Complete music to Goethe's "Egmont" (Op. 84). Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, with Magda Laszlo, soprano, and Fred Liewehr reading Egmont's final scene.* Westminster WL-5281 or London-Ducretet-Thomson DTL-93085.

SINCE WESTMINSTER turned the rights for this recording over to Ducretet-Thomson, it will certainly not reappear on the Westminster label. Since the entire D-T line has been abandoned, there seems to be no likelihood of a reissue. Perhaps Scherchen will re-record "Egmont," one of his great successes on records, but, for now, if this really glorious recording is to be had, it must be found in the original WL or DTL edition.

Acclaim was so general for this record when it was first issued in 1954 that it needs no recommendation now. Suffice it to say that Scherchen at his best is unbeatable and that he was at the top of his form when he made this; that the recording includes *all* the "Egmont" music, not just the overture, songs and entr'actes; and that the part which might so easily have been tiresome in repeated hearings—Fred Liewehr's declamation of Egmont's farewell—is a lastingly thrilling climax. If the same forces get together to remake this recording, the sound should certainly be five years better, but even then this outstanding recording will probably still remain a classic.

SCHUBERT: *Sonata in B-flat major, Op. Posth. Joerg Demus, piano.* Remington 199-39.

FROM THE VERY beginning (1950), Remington did a commendable job of recording the sound of a piano. Young Demus made several fine recordings for Remington, including the Sonatas Opp. 109 and 110 of Beethoven. When I first heard this Schubert disc, I thought, "This is the way Schnabel would do it." It is so thoroughly idiomatic, though, that when the Schnabel recording did appear (in



Scherchen—"at his best is unbeatable"

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Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series), I found I had a definite preference for the Demus, one of those performances that seem so entirely "right" that one simply cannot imagine having it any other way. There are several more than acceptable versions current, but, especially as an introduction for those who have not yet entered the wonderful and certainly unhurried world of the Schubert sonatas, the deleted Remington is ideal.

BOCCHERINI-FRANÇAIX: *"Scuola di Ballo" (ballet suite), Antal Dorati conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra; "A John Field Suite" (orchestrated by Sir Hamilton Harty), Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia-Entre RL-3043.

CLOSER TO "The Good Humored Ladies" and "Pulcinella," perhaps, than to "La Boutique Fantasque" and "Gaité Parisienne," the Françaix treatment of Boccherini is a rare delight. If we can agree on a demarcation between "sparkling" and "dazzling," "Scuola di Ballo" may be said to sparkle, and to exude genuine charm. Françaix has done his arranging with the restraint that makes for comfortable re-hearings instead of waning appeal. It seems amazing that such scores as this and the Sibelius "Belshazzar's Feast" music are not on LP; Dorati, who is certainly active today, must have enjoyed making this recording, and should be eager to redo it. As of now, however, there is no recording of "Scuola di Ballo" in the catalogs. The Entre transfer from 78's cut in the late Thirties was fairly successful, and definitely worth seeking out. The surprisingly attractive suite of John Field pieces on the other side was evidently recorded about ten years later than "Scuola di Ballo," and makes an enjoyable coupling.

DAG WIREN: *Serenade for String Orchestra, Op. 11;* LARS-ERIK LARSSON: *Pastoral Suite, Op. 19. Stig Westerberg conducting the Stockholm Radio Orchestra.* London LS-714 (ten-inch).

THE INGRATIATING Wiren Serenade, like the more familiar "St. Paul's Suite" of Holst, is a lightweight, richly melodic work, less grand but scarcely less pleasurable than the more elaborate Tchaikovsky Serenade. It is attractive enough to interest the listener in seeking out other contemporary Scandinavian music (and to leave him quite unprepared for the austerity of Wiren's own Fourth Symphony). If I remark that the Larsson suite is not much heavier, I do not want to give the impression that either work on this record is less than substantial. Two very easy-to-take scores, authoritatively played and appropriately paired.

MOZART: *Piano Concerto No. 17, G major, KV 453;* MOZART: *Violin Concerto No. 4, D major, KV 218. Ralph Kirkpatrick (Mozart piano), Alexander Schneider (violin), with the Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra conducted by Schneider.* Haydn Society HSLP-1040.

SINCE THE HAYDN SOCIETY has already issued a different Fourth Violin Concerto (also conducted by the soloist, Willy Boskovsky), it is unlikely that this record will be available again. The feature, of course, was not Schneider's violin concerto, although it was more than acceptable, but Kirkpatrick's performance, on a reconstruction of a piano of Mozart's time, of the G major piano concerto. The finale is played without cuts, requiring a turnover during that movement, but the performance is so arresting that one gladly endures that inconvenience. The piano used, while certainly nothing like a harpsichord, is sufficiently different from a modern piano to make the novelty of its sound a delight, but the performance itself proves to be more like the fondly remembered Dohnanyi version than any other modern recording. Everyone involved in this recording obviously considered it a labor of love. The winds are gratifyingly present when they should be, which, unfortunately, is not always the case in recordings of Mozart piano concerti.

"A PROGRAM OF MEXICAN MUSIC." *Carlos Chavez conducting an orchestra of Mexican and U. S. musicians, with the Chorus of the National Music League.* Columbia ML-2080 (ten-inch).

CELEBRATED AS A 78 rpm set and appreciatively welcomed in its LP transfer, this was one of the most attractive records issued by Columbia, with musical values outlasting the novelty effects of some of its six numbers. One of these, Blas Galindo's "Sones Mariachi," turned up on a recent Capitol release in a performance so "souped up" in a misguided attempt to overwhelm that virtually nothing musical came through. The piece, a setting of three popular *sones* from the state of Jalisco, relies for its effect, like Strauss's "Bürger als Edelmann," not on brilliance but on charm, a quality marvelously abundant in the deleted Columbia disc.

Charm was indeed the major characteristic of this record, from "Sones Mariachi," which came first, to the genial Vera Cruz "Huapango" arranged by Geronimo Baqueiro Foster, which was last. In between were the primitive-sounding "Yaqui Music" of Luis Sandi and three of Chavez's own works: the hauntingly beautiful arrangement for chorus and orchestra of the nineteenth-century *cancion* "La Paloma Azul," "Xochipili-Macuilxochitl," as exotic-sounding as its title, using copies of ancient Aztec instruments, and the "Danza a Centeotl" from the ballet "Los Cuatro Soles" (with chorus).

That ML-2080 was an important record is arguable, but its charm and lasting freshness were of a rare order. A real gem.

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in B-flat major, Op. 97 ("Archduke"). Alfred Jilka, violin; Peter Schwarzl, cello; Kurt Rapf, piano.* Remington 199-27.

ONE OF THE BEST of several fine early Remingtons and, despite the competition from several "all-star" ensembles, very likely the most admirable "Archduke" on records. The players, always in perfect accord, never sacrifice either masculinity or expressiveness, but bring out both qualities in this well-loved trio, preserving both the warmth and the impressive stature of the music. The recording is full and well balanced; a quiet-surfaced copy of this "Archduke" is something to treasure.

HAYDN: *Divertimento in F Major ("Feldparthie"), March for the Prince of Wales, Fourth London Trio, C major, Grenadier March. Karl Haas conducting the London Baroque Ensemble.* Decca DL-4076.

SIX OR SEVEN years ago, Decca issued a series of ten-inch LPs of Haydn and Handel selections by the London Baroque Ensemble. This was by all means the most exciting, with the elaborate "March for the Prince of Wales" the center of attention. The "London Trio" is a short and delicious piece for two flutes and cello, the "Grenadier March" one of several for winds and side drum. The "Feldparthie" Divertimento is a rich five-movement work for strings and winds. To my knowledge, none of these exceptionally attractive pieces is available on any other record. The entire series of Haas's Decca ten-inchers was so fine, it is downright astonishing that Decca has not seen fit to reissue these recordings in the twelve-inch format.

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October 1905, by Shostakovitch and Khatchaturian

By VICTOR SEROFF

SHOSTAKOVITCH'S Eleventh Symphony, which was awarded the Lenin Prize, was written for the fortieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution. The title "1905" like the year 1812 in Tchaikovsky's Overture, indicates the symphony's programmatic character. Just as in that score Tchaikovsky made use of the Marseillaise and the Russian national anthem, Shostakovitch incorporated several Russian revolutionary songs, and as the 1812 Overture is highly patriotic, Shostakovitch's 1905 Symphony is keyed to a great pathos.

If the year 1812 gave the Russians every reason for rejoicing and being proud of their victory over Napoleon, the 1905 abortive Revolution left them despondent. As the material for his symphony Shostakovitch has chosen an episode that took place on January 9th (since referred to as "Bloody Sunday") on a square in front of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. Russia was losing the war against Japan. Basic necessities were lacking and the country was restless with revolt. The plight of the workers grew steadily worse; exhausted by labor, hunger and disease, living in filth and misery, with no civil rights whatever, they were ready for any scheme that might better their lot.

The workers, however, were aware of the ruthless punishment of any rebellion and shied away from the revolutionaries. But a young priest, Gregory Gapon, who lived among them, had won the confidence of thousands of workers in St. Petersburg. Telling them that the Czar was the loving father of his people, Gapon promised that he would lead them before Nicolas and make Him "receive their petitions into His own hand."

Carrying ikons, crosses, church banners, and pictures of Nicolas II, and headed by Gregory Gapon dressed in his priest's robes, several thousand workmen, joined by students, intellectuals, and hundreds of spectators, came peaceably to the Winter Palace to present their petition: "Sir, help Thy people. Break down the wall that separates Thee from Thy people. Order that satisfaction be given our suit and Thou shall make Russia happy; if not we are ready to die right here. We have only two paths, that of freedom and happiness, or that to the grave."

They expected the Czar to come out on the balcony of the Palace. Instead, they were met with a volley from the guns of Uhlans, Cossacks and guards, which killed and wounded thousands, and put an end to this romantic revolutionary adventure.

These are the pictures which Shostakovitch depicts in the first two movements of his symphony: "The Palace Square" and "The Ninth of January." He is a master at recreating in sound the gloomy atmosphere and the restlessness of large masses of people. In its scope the score recalls such motion pictures as "Ten Days That Shook the World" and "Potemkin." Devoid of all eccentricities, the score abounds in color and glitters with steely vitality. It is even more exciting because of the virtuosity of his writing, which is completely effortless. Then comes the third move-

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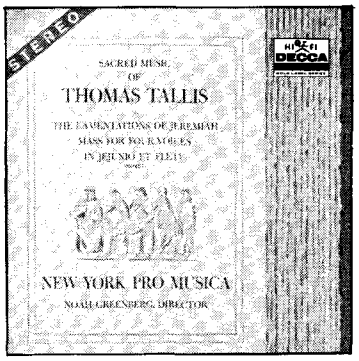

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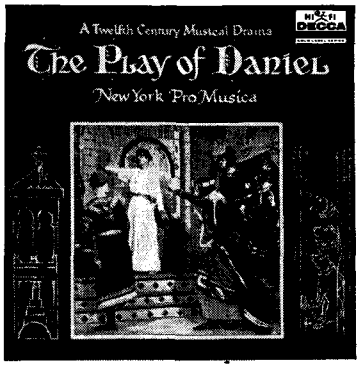

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Haydn: Concerto for Flute and String Orchestra in D Major; Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra in C Major. Kurt Redel, flute; Kurt Kalmus, oboe; the Munich Chamber Orchestra, Hans Stadlmair, cond.
DGM 12001 DGS 712001 Stereo

Brahms: Quintet for Piano and Strings in F Minor, Opus 34. Janácek Quartet with Eva Bernathová, piano.
DGM 12002 DGS 712002 Stereo

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ment, "Requiem," in which Shostakovitch introduces the revolutionary funeral march, "You Fell Victims in the Fatal Struggle." The symphony is written with so much personal feeling that one would almost suspect it to be autobiographical. And, indeed, the composer did experience pain and pride in a similar situation.

In 1917, when Shostakovitch was eleven years old, he witnessed one of the gigantic funeral processions for the victims of the Revolution. Later in the day, at home, he quietly played the piano for a long time, composing his own "Funeral March for the Victims of the Revolution," and "The Hymn to Liberty." (These two pieces were never written down.) He might have been thinking of the brutal killing of a small boy by a policeman, which he happened to have seen a few days before. In his second symphony, dedicated to the October Revolution (published in 1927) this incident was put into music in an episode before the entrance of the chorus.

When it was discovered that Gapon had played the double role of friend of labor and agent of the police, the indignation against the government rose to a dangerous pitch. The last movement, "Tocsin," represents this growing indignation of the population. Shostakovitch uses the revolutionary song "Tremble, Ye Tyrants!" as a warning to the Imperial Government and a call for the insurrection.

The Symphony is written in a popular style, and for the Russian audience. Whether it has the same appeal outside of Russia is another question. I have a feeling that it will take its place next to Shostakovitch's "Leningrad" Symphony rather than his First, or Fifth, although it does merit attention. André Cluytens's reading of the score is stirring and sympathetic. (Angel 3586-3 s/L, $7.96.)

I cannot say as much for Khatchaturian's Second Symphony. Although the four movements have no titles, it is also programmatic. It was composed in 1943 during the height of Russia's struggle against the Nazi onslaught. Inspired by the same events, Khatchaturian tries, as Shostakovitch did in his "Leningrad" Symphony, to convey in the third movement "the most tragic sacrifice of war, the mother of one who has fallen in battle for his country." But on the whole, while it has plenty of brass, tympani, drums and cymbals, it is less powerful than Shostakovitch's. I heard Nathan Rachlin conduct this symphony at the Prague Music Festival in 1956, and I must say that this performance with the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR is far superior. (MGM 30002, $4.98.)

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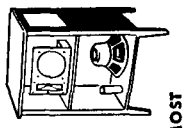

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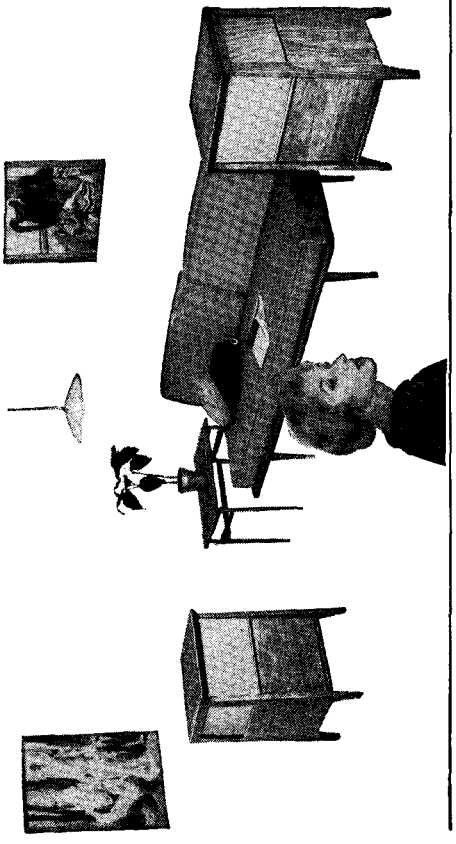

Liturgy From Beuron

By ALEXANDER L. RINGER

LITURGIA PASCHALIS (THE EASTER LITURGY): *I Vigilia Paschalis, II Missa Solemnis, III Missa in Dominica Resurrectionis. Choir of the Monks of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin, Beuron. Direction, Pater Dr. Maurus Pfaff, O. S. B.* Archive Production, ARC 3088/90. $17.94.

IN EARLY Christian times the solemn Sunday morning Mass preceding the gay display of spring fashions, typical of today's Easter celebrations, was by no means the holiday's chief identifying mark. On the contrary, not unlike Passover, its Jewish counterpart, Easter was, above all, a nocturnal festival. From Holy Saturday night to Sunday at dawn sacred vigils were held, highlighted by the baptism of the newly converted and climaxed by the midnight Mass that followed. In monastic practice, if not in the average parish church, this ancient tradition has left its traces in an Easter vigil that even today reflects the spirit of the Old Testament more thoroughly than any other Catholic ceremony. Although in Christian thinking the freeing of the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage has been transformed into "the glorious liberty of the children of God" (Rom. VIII, 21), the story of the Exodus is still read and pertinent psalm texts are used to comment upon the event. Shortly before the midnight Mass a symbolic baptismal procession is formed in the course of which the whole congregation affirms its faith loudly in response to the celebrant's insistent questioning. After this dramatic interlude, the litanies begun earlier are completed. Then, if possible precisely at midnight, the choir intones the initial Kyrie of the Mass. The Mass itself remains somewhat fragmentary: both Credo and Agnus Dei are eliminated, while special Paschal Lauds are inserted. Then, toward the end of the final hymn, church bells mix with the singing to hail the day "when the Lord conquered the underworld and rose to heaven."

Thus, within the total liturgical framework, the fullfledged Easter morning Mass functions as the well-motivated highpoint of an eventful twenty-four hours as well as the entire season. The deep humility of the Lent period, the tragedy of Good Friday, the fervent prayers of Holy Saturday, every devout feeling that has penetrated the faithful preparing for the Sunday of the Resurrection finds its apotheosis in this solemn Mass. Musically, too, the Easter Liturgy, as codified in the Gregorian Liber Usualis, is designed as one continuous rise toward ever-greater beauty and artistic intensity to heighten the experience of that ultimate goal. The climax of it all comes immediately after the simple recitation of the epistle when the soloist intones the festive coloraturas of the Gradual, "Haec Dies" (This day is a holiday of the Lord's own choosing), which in turn leads to the glorious strains of the Gregorian Easter Alleluia, that most magnificent instance of "the exultation of the mind, derived from things eternal, bursting forth in sound" (Thomas Aquinas). Wipo's famous Sequence, "Victimae Paschali Laudes" (Christians, to the paschal lamb offer sacrifice and praise), on the other hand, is in its simple dignity the perfect medieval example of the great religious hymn, the kind that, in the words of the late Pope Pius XII, "born as they are from the most profound depths of the people's soul, deeply move the emotions and spirit and stir up pious sentiments."

The three Archive records devoted to the complete Easter Liturgy offer a unique survey of the enormous emotional and stylistic range of the

Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin.

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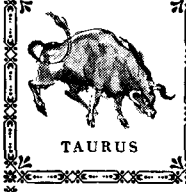
largest single repertoire in Western music, a repertoire unfortunately sorely neglected in centuries past even by those who by virtue of their religious commitment have been under obligation "to preserve this precious treasure of Gregorian chant diligently and to impart it generously to the Christian people" (Pius XII). The great polyphonists of the Renaissance, inspired, as they were, by the basic aesthetics of medieval chant, may have reached similar lofty heights of expression. But in mere intensity of religious feeling nothing quite approaches the transcendental quality of these masterly wrought unaccompanied melodic lines intoned now by a soloist, now by the whole choir, then again by two groups in alternation. As the German Benedictine monks of Beuron perform, or rather "live" this music in a spirit of profound devotion and with the appropriate purity of sound, gentle text-motivated accents and melodically conditioned dynamics, following the tradition established by their French brethren of Solesmes, one begins to realize the full importance of the late Pope's grave concern with the spineless sentimentality that characterizes so much of the religious music of today as well as the "heavy and bombastic style" that "might obscure the sacred words of the liturgy" and tends to "interfere with the conduct of the service."

CONSIDERING the general effort and care expended upon these musically, liturgically and historically extremely valuable records, it is a pity that the listener unfamiliar with the proceedings is given no more than a booklet containing the complete texts in Latin and English. Not even the customary "program notes" are included, except for a brief note on the history of the Easter sequence. Deprived of the proper surroundings and atmosphere and without the help of a running commentary and/or pertinent illustrations the average listener, whether Catholic or not, may find himself incapable of sustained interest throughout the earlier, musically less stimulating parts. Discriminating ears, on the other hand, will be somewhat disturbed by the heavy German accents with which the spoken Latin texts are recited. But in the end, like St. Augustine floating "between peril of pleasure and an approved profitable custom" one cannot but return time and again to this heavenly music composed by anonymous monks as early as a thousand years ago "that so by the delight taken in at the ears, the weaker minds be roused up into some feeling of devotion."



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BARTÓK: *Six String Quartets. The Fine Arts Quartet—Leonard Sorkin and Abram Loft, violins; Irving Ilmer, viola; George Sopkin, cello.* Concert-Disc Stereo CS 207, CS 208, and CS 209, $6.95 each.

BÉLA BARTÓK DIED in New York in 1945. Like Schoenberg and Stravinsky, he was a titan, a world-shaking figure in twentieth-century musical composition, but he died poor and broken in spirit. Five years of self-exile in a land forever strange to him had demanded too much and given too little. Ironically, Bartók's death, at sixty-four, brought him almost instant glorification, with nearly fifty major performances of his works being given in a period of a few weeks after his life ended. Since then his name has been appearing on concert programs with heartening regularity and frequency, and the public is growing more and more accustomed to the taut dissonances, intricate rhythms, and striking coloristic effects that characterize his music.

Bartók's output as a composer was notably large, and little of it was insignificant. No other body of his work, however, is of greater importance, or has made a more telling impact on the music of our time, than his string quartets, all six of which are included in these new stereophonic recordings.

As Beethoven extended the range and established the norm of quartet writing for his century, so Bartók seems to have done it for ours. And since no composer of string quartets today can hope to avoid assessment in terms of Bartók's achievements, most turn to his examples for direct instruction and guidance. As a result, echoes of Bartók's intensely personal style are to be heard internationally. Many are superficial and ineffectual when considered independently, but all help to make Bartók's own challenging measures seem more familiar, and therefore more meaningful, when the originals themselves are heard.

An ardent collector and annotator of authentic folk music in his native Hungary throughout most of his adult life, Bartók adapted many of its melodic and rhythmic elements for assimilation into his complex compositional idiom. It must be clearly understood, however, that these elements were not only thoroughly adapted, but quite as completely assimilated into his style. Anyone approaching these quartets, for example, in the expectation of finding obviously "folksy" flavor is headed for the bitterest disappointment.

Since the first of the quartets was composed in 1907 and the sixth in 1939, the entire group covers a creative span of thirty-two years, or very nearly the whole of Bartók's life as a mature artist. But the marked differences of mood and outlook one might expect to encounter in works so widely spaced in terms of time are not readily apparent here. While stylistic alterations and developments can be noted, all the quartets share the same searing intensity of expression. From first to last they probe, strike, and lash with uncompromising force, honesty, and logic.

The Fine Arts Quartet's interpretations of these extraordinarily difficult essays are revelatory and admirable in every way. Their ideas about tempo, dynamics, and instrumental balances seem to have the rightness of inevitability, and their perception of the organic relationships that unify the parts of the separate works appears to be complete.

Hardly less exciting than the monumental works themselves and the masterful performances set down here are the benefits both reap in having been recorded stereophonically. The advantages of stereophonic reproduction are operative at all times in the playback of the quartets, but when one gets to a movement like the fourth of the Fourth Quartet, for example, the effects are truly sensational. This is the famous movement in which Bartók incorporated virtually every kind of pizzicato, or plucked-string playing, applicable to instruments of the violin family. Heard stereophonically, it vibrates with almost uncanny lifelikeness. The listener knows exactly which instrument is doing what at every instant, and as the music whirls along, his dazzlement at the achievements of both the composer and the performers knows scarcely any bounds. —ALLEN HUGHES.

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Lincoln Center

Continued from page 43

seems designed with several motivating factors. One—and we recognize its purity—is to provide something like an ideal framework for the specific activity. The other relates to the concentration on the Metropolitan's own problems and interests to the extent that competitive effort of a musical drama or spectacle character may be frozen out of the Center during its season. In this respect, it profits from the limited possible usage of the Philharmonic concert hall and from the restriction on capacity of the Dance Theatre. The Metropolitan disclaims responsibility for this, but is it in the interests of the long-term utility of the Center that its range of possible usages be limited by strictly contemporaneous factors? Rockefeller and his associates will have much to answer for in years to come: the answer should be clear, clean and uncontaminated. If the Metropolitan, performing in an air-conditioned theatre, finds it expedient to extend its activities fore and aft of the present starting and ending dates, the ballet public may find its interests drastically affected, if not shunted into the hot weather months. Rather than enlarging the facilities available to New York's eight millions (not to mention visitors) we may end up with less usable space than was available when the Metropolitan and Carnegie Hall were augmented by the Manhattan Opera House, the Hippodrome, the Century Theatre, the Lexington Opera, etc.

This brings us, finally, to a peripheral but related question. What happens to the present Opera House when (and if) its uptown successor becomes available? The present plan calls for it to be sold, and the equity it represents ($4,500,000 minus a mortgage of $1,000,000) converted into an endowment fund for the company's future activities. This is all very well, and a customer is doubtless available, for the real-estate value alone is choice.

But would it not be possible for the city of New York to acquire it, to preserve it as one of its few worthwhile showplaces of the past? Doubtless there would be considerable demand for its utilization by worthy attractions (ballet, for one, or other touring spectacle). Failing this, would it be available for sale to private interests for similar use? Or must it be demolished lest it serve as downtown counterdraw to the uptown attractions? These questions are all in the public interest, and merit answers.

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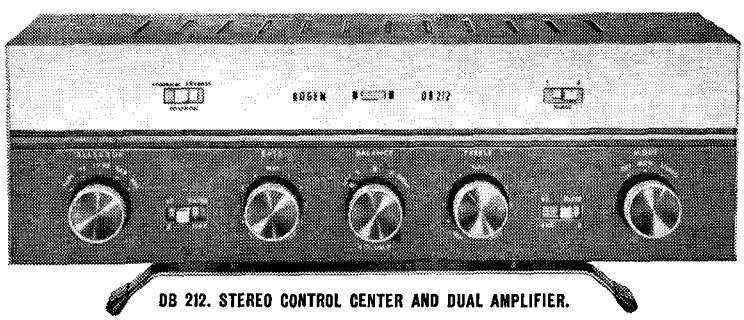

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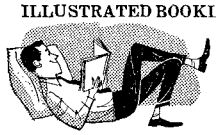

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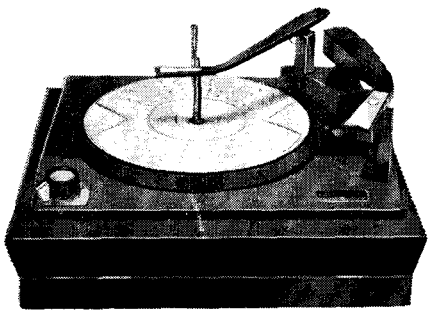

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The Ages of Gielgud

SIR JOHN GIELGUD: *Shakespeare's "Ages of Man."* Columbia Masterworks OL5390, $4.98.

JUST about everyone of us who had the joyous privilege of hearing and seeing Sir John Gielgud in his "Ages of Man" program will always look back upon that performance as being one of the greatest and most lastingly satisfying events in the theatre of our time . . . and, it well may be, of any time. For many of us, it was an aesthetic and inspiring experience akin to spiritual exaltation and this writer, for one, went about for days afterward in a happy blear of grace. Remembering this dedicated state, I found myself somewhat reluctant to hear the present recording that presents the major portion of the program as given in the theatre, fearing I might be let down. Happily and gratefully, I was not. This may be because my visual memory of that evening (or rather *those* evenings, for I went three times) is still so vividly keen and my mind's eye will always conjure up the picture of an easy-mannered, modest man in simple dinner jacket and soft shirt who, without props or lighting effect of any kind and with the strictest economy of movement and gesture, in little more than two hours conveyed to a spellbound audience the flawless beauty, the poetic grandeur, the all-embracing humanity of the greatest poet-playwright of all time. And now in this excellent record . . . and even, I believe, without the benefit of a visual memory . . . the same sort of conveyance occurs, modified, as is true of all dramatic recordings, and without the tremendous impact, but none the less arresting and moving.

ONE listens to Gielgud's inspired voice, speaking these deathless lines, with the delight with which one might listen to the most perfect of symphonies, only without the occasional wandering of attention inevitable to all music listening, for here one is intent on every word, every inflection. Curiously, this is not a great voice when it comes to volume. It has more the clarity and precision of the single instrument as compared with the diapason of the full orchestra. At times, it is almost reedlike and at others, there creeps in a definite tremolo. But this is carping, for the richness of resonance, the charm of diction, the intelligence and sensitivity of interpretation make this record a thing of beauty and a joy for whoever owns it.

The choice of selections is completely satisfying. There are, of course certain "familiar great speeches," but there is nothing hackneyed about their delivery. Sir John slips with graceful ease into Hamlet's "To be or not to be" or Henry Bolingbroke's "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" or the bewitching "Queen Mab" speech and one listens as though hearing these much quoted lines for the first time. Richard II's weak and tragic abdication is especially compelling and when Gielgud's voice wails out Lear's terrible "Howl, howl, howl, howl!" torrent of grief over the death of Cordelia, one shares the unbearable anguish of the mad old king. The lyrical passages such as Lorenzo's "The moon shines bright" and Prospero's "Ye elves of hills" are sheer beauty and one takes special delight in the sonnets, particularly two very funny and rather bawdy ones.

Sir John's commentary between selections is simple and to the point. This is a fine recording of the loveliest lines in the English language spoken superbly by a magnificent artist. —CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER.

Gielgud—"a magnificent artist."

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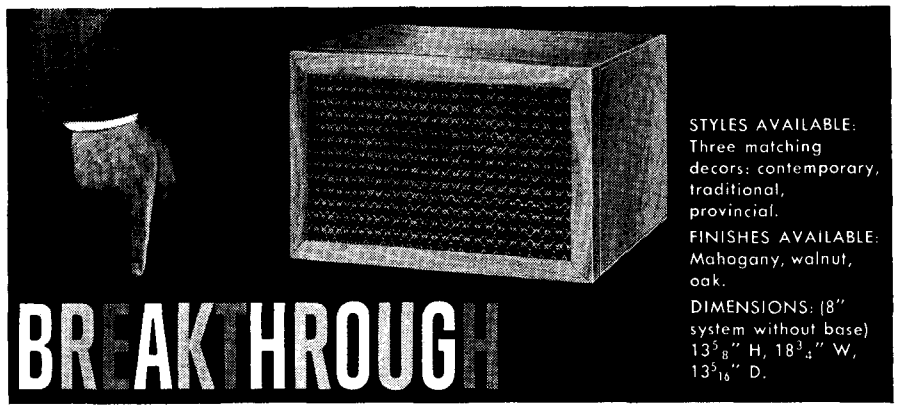
The First Year . . .

Continued from page 45

George Marek puts it—"a more comprehensive sound that captures elusive overtones more certainly."

The solo piano, in particular, gains from stereo; its complex vibrational pattern responds gratefully to the spread of two channels. The solo performer against orchestral background benefits from stereo because of the "focusing" and "centering" effects that a well-balanced stereo record (and playback system) can furnish.

A final thought would be that these virtues—wonderful though they be—would amount to very little if the product failed to deliver them over a reasonable period of use, or if indeed it fell down in other areas to which we normally look for record quality. While there have been examples of poorly wrought stereo records (and likely there will be more), most of the SDs now produced are very good. There are, in fact, no problems in the making of stereo records that do not exist, in one way or another, with mono records. To be sure, quality control often is a more finicky (and always a more costly) matter with SDs, but the problems of surface noise, of a favorable signal-to-noise ratio, and of undistorted, wide-range response are thoroughly solvable and, indeed, appear to be solved in most recent SDs. And the durability of the stereo groove—that is to say, of both walls—is a matter determined in the final anlaysis by the quality of the pickup and tone-arm assembly. These instruments, when poorly made or incorrectly installed, can chew up a stereo groove as relentlessly as they would a mono groove. In sum, it appears that the yearling is healthy and promising; how it fares in the future depends on the care bestowed on it as it matures.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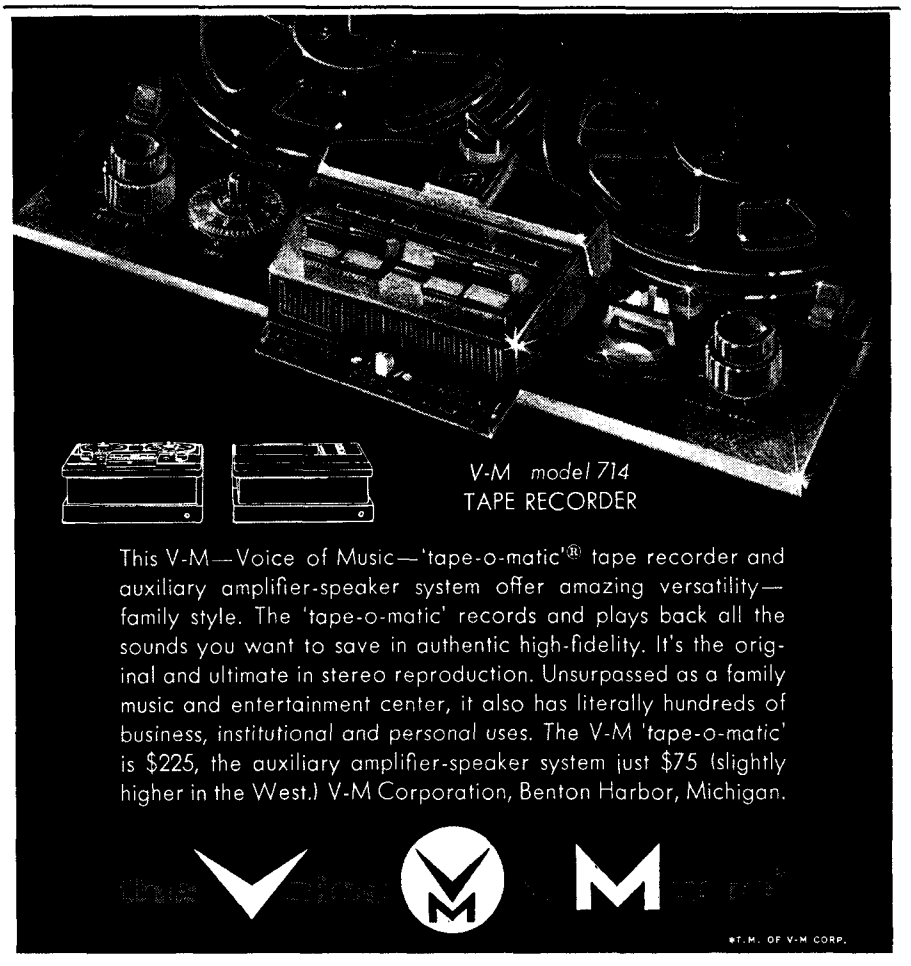
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This Month's Handel—II

Organ Concertos, opus 7

HANDEL at his abundantly inventive greatest as an instrumental composer is awe-inspiring and wonderful. In the six concertos of his opus 7 (published in 1761), he is at that greatest more often than not. E. Power Biggs, continuing his to-be-complete recording of sixteen Handel organ concertos with the London Philharmonic Orchestra led by Sir Adrian Boult, reaches these six in the second album (the first album contains the six concertos of opus 4. less original and powerful than these). Playing on the organ at Great Packington in Warwickshire, Mr. Biggs goes on putting us profoundly in his debt. Throughout the new album (Columbia M2L-261, $9.96, also available in stereo at M2S-604, $11.96), his tempos, registrations and unflawed technical agility are matched by his genuine feeling for the changeability of Handel's moods and by the creative sympathy with which he responds to the frequent need ("*ad libitum*") to improvise a passage or a movement. That we are listening to the instrument that Handel described to Charles Jennens in a letter dated September 30, 1749, materially increases pleasure in the records.

It should be said that Boult and the London Philharmonic give Mr. Biggs deserved companionship. It should also be said that some of the most splendid music of its sort ever composed is to be heard in these concertos. Whoever may doubt my word should listen at ease and with open ears to the *adagio* first movement of the D minor concerto and the *andante, larghetto e staccato* second movement of the one in G minor. To hear opus 7 as magisterially performed and recorded as it is on these records is to understand why, two centuries after his death, so many musicians across the Western world eagerly honor the memory of George Frideric Handel.

"The Water Music"

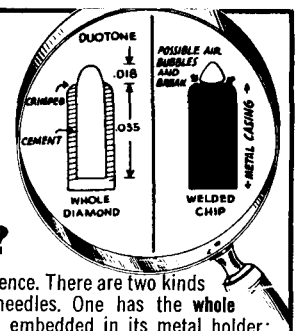
Although I am on record as unable to divine any compelling reason for performing as a unit the miscellany of pieces more than once published as Handel's "Water Music," I am all but persuaded to enjoy such a performance—of the twenty pieces put together in the *Händel Gesellschaft* by Chrysander—by the recording I have just listened to. In Epic LC 3551, $4.98, Eduard van Beinum leads the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam through a superbly molded revivification of the routine numbers no less than the inspired ones. His tempos are admirable, his dynamics convincing, throughout. Here is ceremonial Handel at his most ceremonious, in a full-bottomed wig, with a harpsichord in attendance, water party or no.

In the *allegro* third section, some flubbed horn notes should have been done over; something like hall resonance dims the opening of any soft passage that follows immediately on a loud one; the sleeve notes are both anonymous and difficult to follow.

In the face of so much really living music, however, it may be that these reasons for small complaint are deliberately planted to prevent man from becoming too proud.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

WHICH FOR YOU?



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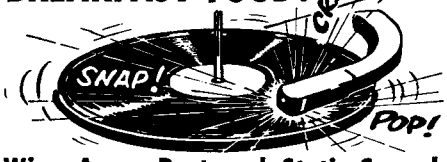

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Tapes in Review

PROKOFIEV: *Piano Concerto No. 3, in C major. Moura Lympany, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind.* Angel stereo tape ST-4005. $12.95.

THE PIANO IS so integral a part of this closely knit concerto that a sympathetic collaboration between keyboard and orchestra is more important than solo pyrotechnics, a fact that enables Susskind and Miss Lympany to turn their apparently mutual viewpoint to the advantage of a warm, fluent performance.

In this they continue a pattern of teamwork established earlier in the same composer's first piano concerto, and also recorded by Angel but thus far unreleased on tape. The company's present choice of the C major is logical, for of Prokofiev's five works in this form it has become easily the most popular during the nearly four decades since the composer himself introduced it to this country.

Neither Susskind nor Miss Lympany strives to achieve a tour de force. Susskind provides a lucid, well-detailed account of the orchestra's role, and Miss Lympany, her tone more limpid than brilliant, plays with facility if with rather less fire than some of her colleagues have struck from the same passages.

A recording of exceptional detail, depth and definition successfully projects an illusion of actual performance, unadulterated by laboratory "effects."

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 4, in F minor. Constantin Silvestri conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel stereo tape ST-9004. $16.95.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S SYMPHONIES seem to invite such a wide latitude of interpretation that the conductor's musical convictions frequently play a part almost equal to those of the composer. Apparently Silvestri's own convictions regarding the Fourth have here impelled him to bring to its first two movements an immense preoccupation with minutiae while leaving the larger picture to shape up as it will.

An orchestra of exceptional finish performs its own role faithfully, and the recording is of superior quality. Neither of these merits, however, can raise the total of values to a competitive par with Rodzinski's controlled and eloquent statement for

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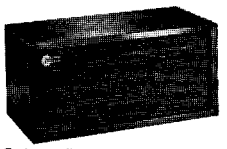

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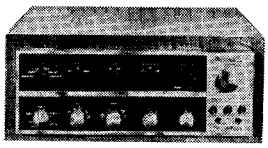

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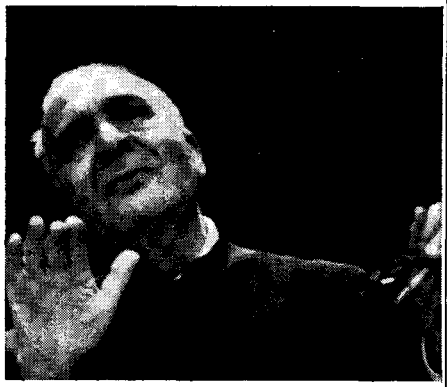

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OFFENBACH: *"Gaité Parisienne." Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-54. $14.95.

THIS FROTHY potpourri of Offenbach melodies (arranged and orchestrated by Manuel Rosenthal) contains enough units of energy to vitalize almost any performance, and the treatment given it by Slatkin and the orchestra lacks nothing in the way of vigor. But although Slatkin's lively opening acknowledges the music's blithe intentions he is not so successful in carrying them out, and from the mazurka sequence forward the musical romp grows a trifle heavy footed.

In this respect, the performance is outpointed by Mercury's release of the same score (MCS5-15), in which Antal Dorati's early apprenticeship as a ballet conductor provides a rewarding fleetness and imagery. In respect of recording quality, however, Capitol's suavely monitored tape is better integrated than that of Mercury, although the latter's is more brilliant.

"BANDSTAND." *Munn and Felton's Works Band, conducted by S. H. Boddington and Harry Mortimer.* Angel stereo tape ST-1011. $10.95.

TO JUDGE BY the trophies gathered during its quarter century of performing, Munn and Felton's Works Band, from Kettering (Norhants), is among the best of its kind in Britain. As represented by this collection of nine pieces for brass band, it stands up well to the rhythmic challenge of moods and styles that range through blues, hymns, and even a lullaby, to the four-square marching beat of Sousa's "Liberty Bell" and "Washington Post."

Three of the numbers are conducted by S. H. Boddington, the band's veteran musical director, whose arrangements of the "Crimond" and "Rimington" hymns are among the pleasantest examples, although his conducting is a bit ponderous by American standards. Quite at the other extreme is that of Harry Mortimer, who whizzes through the remaining pieces as if they were exercises in celerity. Such treatment may be indicated for novelties like the "Napoleon Galop" (Martyn) and "Bees a-Buzzin'" (Siebert), but is hardly needed to affirm the solid marching rhythms of Chesterton ("Royal Standard") and Sousa. Recording sound is live, well balanced.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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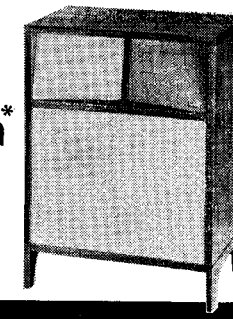

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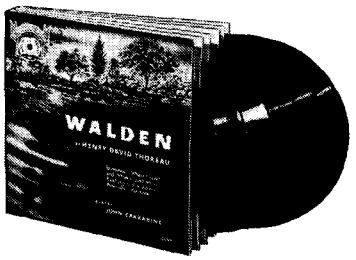

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

"MACBETH" RECORDING

ON PAGE forty-eight of your February 28, 1959, issue, you say in an editor's note to a letter by Olive English that an up-to-date recording of "Macbeth" has already been accomplished. Since my Urania recording has seen better days, can you please tell me who recorded the performance to which you refer, and when will it be available?

LEE M. DUBOW.

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In response to this and other inquiries, it may be noted that RCA Victor preserved the recent performance at the Metropolitan, with Leonie Rysanek-Leonard Warren-Carlo Bergonzi-Jerome Hines in the leading roles, and Erich Leinsdorf conducting. It should be available in October.*

"CONSERVATORY" PHOTOGRAPH

SR OF February 28th has just reached me, and while I was delighted to see my article on Music in Moscow, I was taken aback to see the photograph of the Lenin Library captioned "Tchaikovsky Conservatory." Since the Russians seem to like pointing out inaccuracies (I can hear them saying, "He doesn't know a Conservatory from a Library"), and they have been quick to call everything even vaguely disagreeable I have written about them "inaccurate," I hasten to mention this most assuredly minor detail.

FAUBION BOWERS.

London, England.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The picture and the caption were authenticated by Sovfoto, the New York source for such material. And the description was insisted on although the exterior did not seem to conform to Bowers' description.*

FRENCH OPERA

I AM NOT QUICK to write "indignation letters," but I must protest against Allen Hughes's remark (March 28) about the depressing level of opera performances in France today, in view of which the recent recording of Poulenc's "Dialogues des Carmélites" is a "minor miracle."

It is true that the singers of the Opéra and Opéra-Comique (both national theaters) range from fair to superb and that I saw some mediocre opera, but percentagewise the score is about even. One thing is certain: I never saw a badly *acted* performance, no matter what the singing was like.

MORRIS SPRINGER.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Vive la France.*

CORRECTOR'S CORRECTION

IN A LETTER TO the Editor (*SR*, March 28th) M. R. Morris chided me for attributing the first recording of the full cycle of Chopin's Polonaises to Bukoff. Mr.

SERKIN CONCERTOS

When it comes to the piano concertos of Mozart, probably no man's performances of them are as close to ideal as those of Rudolf Serkin. His pianistic equipment is just the rare blend of agility, eloquence, control and poetry this music demands. Here are two examples of Serkin perfection—the aimiable F Major and the passionate D Minor both on a single (lp) Record.

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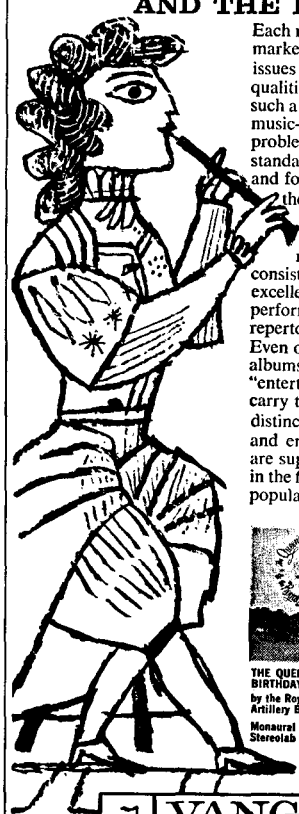

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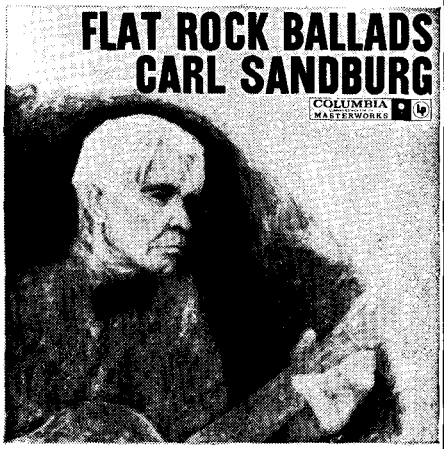
SANDBURG SINGS



Someone once asked Carl Sandburg what he wanted out of life. He mentioned being out of jail, eating "regular", getting what he wrote printed and "a little love at home". "And then, maybe the fifth thing I need," he said, "it seems like every day when I'm at all in health, I got to sing." Here's a collection of the songs Mr. Sandburg's "got" to sing—American songs which have come down through the generations.

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Morris discovered that Grant Johannesen had done this before. Actually, Johannesen only recorded twelve of the Polonaises; Bukoff released sixteen and therefore is the first to have recorded the entire set. I beg my corrector to stand corrected.

JAN HOLCMAN.

New York, N.Y.

CHILDREN AND ADULTS

AS THE RESULT of my excellent experience with the Ramsey review January 17, 1959, of the children's record, "Jim Copp Tales," may I thank your department.

I have recommended this unusual and fine children's record to both patients and friends. Their children have unanimously enjoyed it, and so have they. Needless to say, I enjoy many of your department's feature articles.

MASON ROSE.

Hollywood, Calif.

ON "PRES"

THANK JOHN HAMMOND for writing such nice words about "Pres" (Lester Young, 1909-1959). Thank you *SR* for not letting the magazine pass by one of our (America's) un-sung creative originators. You are aware to the swing that America is deaf towards. Jazz is freedom and you've earned the right to be the leading magazine of freedom-conscious cats.

CAT.

New York, N.Y.

DERIVATIVE OR IMITATIVE?

YOUR REVIEW OF Jolivet's "Symphonie de Danses" in which you dismiss it with the damning sentence "Assuming that one was unfamiliar with Dukas's 'La Valse' it could be described as colorful and no more than moderately time-consuming," suggests that derivative music is something to be shunned.

Had you been a reviewer in Beethoven's day, you would probably have dismissed his First Symphony by noting that it had all been said before by Haydn, Mozart, and Bach.

RENA BENJAMIN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To distinguish between "derivative" and "imitative" is not difficult. Or to which category Jolivet belongs, or who wrote "La Valse."*

PEN PALS

I WOULD LIKE to correspond with several people who have written to you in the past, and whose published letters interested me.

Trouble is, I have no way of obtaining their addresses unless you help me. I shall list the names below. Could you please furnish the addresses? The letters were printed in the *SR* in the summer of 1956 (the first in July, I believe) and several in January or February, 1957.

Walter Dainwood, New York City
Leo W. O'Donnell, San Francisco
George S. Weaver, Baton Rouge
J. E. Spencer, Clarksville, Texas
Clinton B. Hanover, Mahwah, N.J.

I shall greatly appreciate any information you can give me.

STEPHEN M. COHEN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Any of these addressing mail to reader Cohen will have it forwarded.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes or the like. Rate 50¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and numbers. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass, recorders, spinets. Sperrhake harpsichords, Homer Ledford Kentucky Dulcimers. Free catalogues. 4-9-D, HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

WILL BUILD any electronic kit; HI-FI, etc. at 1/3 cost. *Quotations:* Andrew C. Kalayta, 1401 N. Ashland, Chicago 22.

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WANTED: "Anna Livia Plurabelle" recording by James Joyce personally. In good condition. State price. Write Alfred Shaw, 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago 4, Illinois.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1309

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Fed up; disgruntled; disgusted (2 wds.)

B. Meeting; adhering closely.

C. Express again in formal literary style.

D. Huge.

E. Followed by Word H, first words and title of the most familiar Negro spiritual (2 wds.).

F. Surname, two Amer. educators, brothers, one of whom was president of Univ. of Pa. for eight years.

G. Appendage; adjunct; sum total.

H. See Word E (2 wds.).

I. Midday luncheon in India.

J. Done with.

K. Pay attention to again.

L. Most in want.

M. One of U.S.'s leading students of animal ecology and behavior (1885-1955).

N. Lenin's wife (1869-1939)

WORDS

13 134 26 164 80 146 58 54 178 209

32 83 196 28 186 138 205 168

193 99 60 19 199 102 114 123

141 131 162 11 208 6 198

103 106 195 68 133 158 188 35

46 163 139 200 18 3 135 21

40 69 140 145 7 92 109 189

27 194 48 148 63 160 66 210 100 153 105

149

97 207 86 49 67 23

201 104 53 101 79

89 71 169 192 166 206

57 78 84 96 175 65 122 93

15 25 159 137 128

10 29 113 172 31 197 117 212 56

DEFINITIONS

O. Second line of familiar child's "count-out" (4 wds.).

P. Therefore; away.

Q. The people who called the Snark hunter "Toasted-cheese" (Lewis Carroll).

R. Early music symbols leading to modern staff notation.

S. Disgrace.

T. Using two languages equally well.

U. Feminine proper name meaning "happy victory".

V. Scottish range of hills, site of Scott novel made into a popular opera.

W. Unfortunate condition; pledge.

X. Expression in "Don Quixote" meaning money at hand (2 wds.)

Y. Delicate trailing plant which overruns the ruins of Kenilworth Castle (2 wds.).

Z. Long African river, forming boundary bet. N and S Rhodesia.

Z¹. Pass off without effect.

WORDS

152 183 161 72 85 130 176 98 37 203 165

45 156

62 155 167 24 39

52 127 14 126 157 74 171

118 42 91 55 170 202

177 112 185 181 190 88 108

64 1 8 184 75 61 110 121 47

51 191 95 115 187 44

144 129 70 33 30 73 211 5 81 50

43 59 173 179 36 111

38 143 20 182 132 120 12 16 150

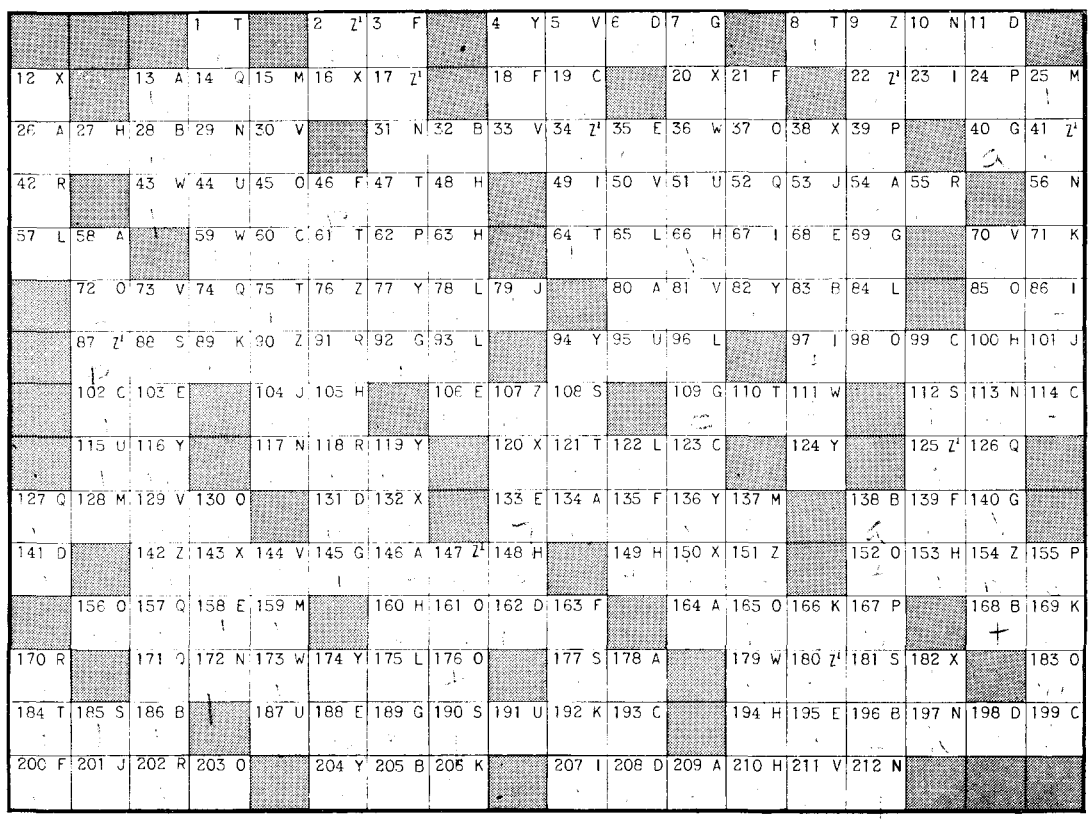
82 136 119 4 77 116 94 174 124 204

76 107 154 142 151 90 9

22 147 125 87 180 41 2 17 34

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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How I Turned $1,000 into a Million

--starting in my spare time

AN AMAZING STORY THAT MAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE

by William Nickerson

PERHAPS the hardest thing about making a million dollars — or even $200,000 — is the act of believing it to be possible. This may be the stumbling block which will keep you from seizing upon the extraordinary opportunity presented here.

Out of every thousand people who read this page, perhaps only 10 will be able to overcome their ingrained skepticism enough to send away for more information. And out of those ten, perhaps only one or two will exploit this opportunity to the hilt. But those fortunate few may enjoy the kind of financial success that millions dream of but only a few achieve.

You can pyramid personal savings of $2,500 ($50 a month, plus interest, for 4 years) into an estate worth $219,972 in 14 years . . . $1,187,295 in 20 years.

Your chances for success are better than 400 to 1 — in fact, 1600 times better than if you went into business — according to actual U.S. government statistics.

And most, if not all, of your new wealth will be yours to keep tax-free — not even subject to capital gains tax!

I did better than that. When I was 25, my wife Lucille and I started saving part of my first modest earnings as a telephone company employee. In three years we had saved the down payment to buy a home. I began looking about for a way to insure a modest retirement income to supplement my telephone company pension.

From "Scratch" to $500,000 by 42

Starting with only the $1000 cash equity in my home, I pyramided this modest asset into $500,000 by the time I was 42 — all in my spare time. I retired at 42 to concentrate on my investments — with considerable time for gardening, swimming in our backyard pool, hunting, fishing, and traveling.

Many friends turned to me for advice on how they could follow me up the road to fortune. Finally I decided to write a unique guidebook, in which I would share my money-making secrets.

But editors who read my first manuscript told me: "Ah, but your success depended on starting during the depression. It could never happen again!"

Another $500,000 in Only 2 Years

This led me to study *other* men's money-making experiences, and *current*, non-depression-period opportunities. Although I had not intended to increase my holdings, I found so many opportunities that *in 2 years I doubled my estate to over $1,000,000.*

Now my book, HOW I TURNED $1000 INTO A MILLION, is ready at last. And in it I reveal — and tell how to use — these 4 basic principles of traveling the last remaining road to great fortune still open to the average person:

1. How to harness the secret force of free enterprise — the pyramiding power of borrowed money. If you have ever experienced difficulty in arranging a personal loan (or a commercial loan to go into business) you may have the idea that banks won't lend money to the "little fellow" for the purpose of making money. But I will show you how you can get lenders to put up gladly at least three dollars for every one of yours, thereby quadrupling the earning power of your capital.

2. How to choose income-producing multiple dwellings in which to invest your own (and your borrowed) capital. If you are interested in investing in income-producing property for income alone, then you will probably get along all right without any advice from me, although even there I can give you many tips. But if you are out to *pyramid* your capital, there is a definite set of conditions to look for.

3. How to make your equity grow. A fair market value of an income-producing property is in ratio to its income. Therefore, if you increase the annual net by means of the steps I outline, you increase the market value of the property — thereby increasing your equity.

4. How to virtually eliminate the "tax bite" on your capital growth. I will show you how you can increase your net worth steadily *without* its being subject to income taxes — not even capital gains tax! J. K. Lasser's famous guide, YOUR INCOME TAX, says of this method that "the mathematics have almost unparalleled attraction."

If you have about $2500 right now — or if you can save only $50 a month for the *next four years — you can start out soundly* along the road to a million dollars. To enhance your progress you will need an additional personal investment of $50 a month, or $600 a year, for two more years after that, making a total investment from your personal savings of $3600. But then you will start receiving income from your investment. *In addition,* if you follow my instructions carefully, your capital can grow at the following startling rate:

In 2 years, your $3600 grows to $5,800.
In 4 years, you have $11,575.
In 6 years, $21,681.
In 8 years, $39,363.
In 10 years, $70,548.
In 12 years, $124,884.
In 14 years, $219,972.
In 16 years, $386,376.
In 18 years, $677,583.
In 20 years, $1,187,195.

How far you want to go up this ladder depends on how much retirement income you would like. You can *conservatively* expect to earn an average net return of 6% on your personal equity. So, if you would be satisfied with a retirement income of at least $12,000 a year, you might decide to stop when your equity reaches $200,000.

"There Must Be a Catch to It!"

Right now, it would be understandable if you were sputtering, "But — but — it's not that simple. There *must* be a catch to it!"

Of course there's a catch to it! There are hundreds of "catches" — hundreds of pitfalls and traps for the unwary who have never traveled what I call the "realty road to riches." But I made it, by learning as I went along. And you have a priceless advantage which I never had — the advantage of being able to know beforehand everything I had to learn by trial-and-error.

My 497-page book is literally the product of a lifetime, into which I have poured every distilled ounce of practical knowledge I gained along the road to fortune. It answers all the questions on real estate operations that my friends have ever asked me. I lead you through one actual transaction after another, setting forth each step in detail.

This method of making money is *not* dependent on continued economic boom or inflation. It *is* benefited and underwritten by America's continuing *population* boom, which is expected to result in 77 million more people by 1980. And it is comparatively recession-proof.

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